Russia after Khrushchev *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 24, 1964, 35 cents

Barry's Economics

At first glance he seems to offer as much "echo" as "choice."
But all resemblance to Administration programs is superficial.
Mr. Goldwater's proposals add up to a radical revolution.

James Tobin

Bellow on Broadway — *Robert Brustein*

Films Abroad — *Stanley Kauffmann*

Lady Bird on Tour — *Helen Fuller*

NEWSPAPER

ERMONT

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Moral Issue

★ As a general rule we wish politicians would leave God out of it. We don't mean to be irreverent, but refer to the "I'm-more-devout-than-you" ploy. Senator Goldwater has used it recently; he deplores the Democratic platform's silence on school prayers, in what he describes as its "utter disregard for God." By inference he condemns all dissenters.

Mr. Johnson, in turn, is a fast man with a Biblical text. He also allows himself a mawkish sentimentality that is a bit hard to take. ("He is the only man," observed columnist Peter Lisagor recently, "who can pick political lint out of the pockets of poverty.")

We aren't going to judge either candidate on this basis. Any moral afflatus going round in this campaign hasn't touched us. As wise Brooks Atkinson says, neither man "has the power to exalt the nation." Too bad, but there it is.

There is a deeper aspect to it, however, which affects either side. Senator Goldwater's extremist supporters tie ultra-conservatism to the Gospel; ministers like Carl McIntire and Billy Hargis and their "Christian Crusades," deceive the devout innocent into thinking that political liberalism is Satanic. Mr. Goldwater came close to this in his extraordinary telecast with Nixon, October 9. Denouncing the rise of "modern 'liberalism'," he attributed to it (and we quote from text) the "terrifying increase in the deterioration of the home . . . of law and order . . . of good morals and good manners." The "modern 'liberal'," he charged, "seeks to eliminate religious sentiment from every aspect of public life." (Sometimes we wonder about Barry: "The moral fiber of the American people is beset by rot and decay," the Senator said in the Mormon Tabernacle last week. Dear me.)

Baker and Jenkins

★ The Lyndon Johnson problem is different. We wish he had discussed the Bobby Baker case frankly at the start. We so urged him, in this column. But he turned it over to the Senate subcommittee, which tried to whitewash it. Insurance man Don Reynolds (then partner of Baker) swore that the Johnson family TV station at Austin, through Walter Jenkins the Senator's aide, required him to buy $1,200 advertising time as a kind of kick-back for the privilege of writing insurance policies on Senator Johnson, and also the gift of a hi-fi set. It was not shown that this was known to the Senator, but it seemed to question the atmosphere inside the cozy Senate Establishment. On February 1 we wrote: "It is a sad business, and Mr. Johnson cannot extricate himself from partial responsibility in having such a person as Baker around." The Baker case isn't likely to decide the election. But the cynicism and arrogance with which the inquiry has been soft-pedaled is not a happy augury for the future.

And now comes the Walter Jenkins case. If it had been invented by a playwright, its timing and its nature would have been dismissed as incredible. This is the second of Mr. Johnson's most intimate aides to resign in disgrace; it must be a terrible blow to a proud and sensitive man. The political effect, we guess, will be substantial. It has a smirking, sensational quality ready-made for the "morality" drive. Many anti-Goldwater Republicans are looking for an excuse to rejoin the GOP. Their return will not elect Senator Goldwater, but could well affect borderline local contests.

Manpower "Grab"?

★ We have on our desk the reply of a federal agency to an article in *Reader's Digest* (October). Representative Frank Bow (R, Ohio), under title, "The Great Manpower Grab," writes a really horrendous piece: "Almost unnoticed, the US Employment Service is undermining one of our basic freedoms – the right to choose one's life work." Well, it's pure Goldwaterism, with weak statistics. You can get the Labor Department's reply if you write them, but we warn you it's humdrum, temperate and rather dull.

Ike's Security Council

★ The other day General Eisenhower inaugurated the "American Security Council Washington Report of the Air," to go out five days a week over 500 stations. It is "aimed at combating Communism." *Time* magazine once wrote under a subhead, "The Military Right": "Many of these retired military men have joined the American Security Council, a quiet-spoken but rigidly doctrinaire organization." The ASC runs one of the biggest private files on alleged Communists, and is designed to keep businessmen close to military leaders (active and retired). It is, in short, part of the very "military-industrial complex" that Ike warned against.

★ *Notes:* In a speech at East Chicago, Indiana, Mr. Johnson cried, "For the first time in history the profits of American industry are higher than ever before" (great applause). . . . Best cartoon in *Straight Herblock* (Simon and Schuster, $5.95) shows Goldwater admonishing slum waifs: "If you had any initiative, you'd go out and inherit a department store." . . . What does Bill Miller look like? He looks like a Kewpie Doll vendor behind a rigged roulette wheel. . . . Depreciation - depletion allowance gimmicks are the granddaddies of all tax loopholes, but they are now being pushed to such lengths that ultimately they may be laughed out of business. We glean from *The Wall Street Journal* (October 7) that "a refuse dump investment was subject to depreciation deductions even though it was chiefly for two big holes in the ground." Seems that an ingenious garbage dump operator claimed annual write-offs, based on the amount of dumping space "exhausted" by filling each year. A tax court majority upheld the operator.

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Russia after Khrushchev

The Soviet Union certainly seems to be changing. Nikita Khrushchev was ousted from power almost as politely as was the former British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. It will be recalled that Mr. Macmillan also ostensibly requested his party to let him step down on grounds of health. He too quit sooner and more suddenly than he had meant to do. But he retained enough control over the party machinery to be able to name his political heir, even though plenty of other people were after the job. Mr. Khrushchev seems to have done much the same. But there is only one party in Russia and, although Khrushchev's successor as Number One, Leonid Brezhnev, is unlikely to lose an election, there is not assurance that either he or the new Number Two, Alexei Kosygin, will be able to hold their positions once Khrushchev has definitely disappeared into the nearly total obscurity that seems to engulf "retired" Soviet politicians.

Khrushchev's departure was abrupt. Apparently his health failed so suddenly that he was unable even to greet his cosmonauts back from space. His ouster came close on the heels of a declaration by the French Communist Party that it was no longer prepared to take orders from Moscow (or from anywhere else). This defiance, one more indication that Khrushchev's policies were by Communist standards producing unhealthy results in the Communist world, may have been the last straw for his internal critics. If it proves to have been so, then France has upset the apple-cart of two world leaders, within a short time of each other. For it was General de Gaulle's banging of the door of the European Common Market in Britain's face that launched Mr. Macmillan on the path of political decline. Another factor in Khrushchev's case may have been his projected visit to West Germany next year. Perhaps this was too much for his critics to swallow, especially with West Germany so ostentatiously preparing to board the mixed-manned nuclear navy that the Russians profess to fear and certainly detest. The way for the Khrushchev visit was prepared by his son-in-law, Adzhubei the editor of *Izvestia*, who has lost his job. And a third factor in Khrushchev's fall assuredly was the looming failure of his scheme for a December meeting of world Communist parties in Moscow, to expel the Chinese from the fold.

This ill-advised plan well illustrated the current dilemma of Communism (one, incidentally, which Khrushchev's successors still face). In general, the European Communist parties prefer Moscow's peaceful coexistence path to Peking's tougher line. All the same, Tito of

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Yugoslavia worked hard to persuade the Hungarians and others to try to restrain Khrushchev. Khrushchev would have sought to excommunicate the Chinese by striving to create a new Communist world organization that excluded them, and Tito simply did not want to risk his independence through the reintroduction of Communist "discipline." Significantly, the Hungarians feared that Khrushchev might topple if the proposed conference either fell through, or was held and refused to support him. The Rumanians, the Poles, the French, the Italians, the Cubans all were cool or opposed to Khrushchev's plan. Finally came the French declaration of independence, and Khrushchev did fall.

As is normally the case with Communist functionaries until they reach the very top, Brezhnev has vouchsafed the world no real clue to his thinking or his personality. It is impossible to say with any accuracy how he will face up to the problem of increasing diversity within the formerly monolithic Communist bloc. But it may be suspected that some sort of truce with China would now be welcome to the Soviet leaders. This was unlikely to happen so long as Khrushchev was in charge. He had apparently set his course, and was out to widen rather than heal the split. But some of his methods may have set his comrades' teeth on edge. Nobody could be ruder when he chose, he had been very rude indeed to the Chinese, and he gave every indication of becoming still ruder. His most recent charge against Peking, that it had deliberately set itself up as the center of a noxious world drug traffic, may have struck some of his more orthodox colleagues as overstepping the mark. Yet no genuine resolution of the great Sino-Soviet quarrel now seems likely for as long as the Chinese remain bellicose. The Soviet leaders will probably continue to talk about the peaceful coexistence of different social systems. It seems fair to assume that they will not violate the test ban treaty that was signed in Moscow last year. Russia and the US are still the world's two nuclear superpowers and both remain fully aware that a war between nuclear superpowers is completely suicidal. Khrushchev has gone; but the President of the United States will probably find that the world contains much the same perils – as it did before.

The new Russian leaders may be able to persuade the Chinese of the virtues of coexistence. For China gives some evidence of changing too. Occasionally there comes out of Peking a whisper, quickly stifled, that hints at moderation. China is probably going to become a nuclear power, at least in the sense that Britain and France are; but closer acquaintance with the atom, whose destructive power she has hitherto affected to despise, may make her more cautious not more reckless. Hitherto the attitude in Washington has been that there is plenty of time to bring China into talks about halting the nuclear arms race but this may now have to alter. With new leadership in Russia and elsewhere, and the prospect of at least five nuclear powers, the post-Khrushchev world looks like being anything but a simple place of good guys and bad guys. Diversity is going to call for more flexibility all round.

COMING: *50th anniversary issue – an inquiry into the needs and nature of a Great Society*

Operation Eagle-Eye

The Democrats do not expect their opponents to try to steal this election and are paying minimal attention to poll-watching, but the Republicans are already on the *qui vive* for thuggery because Senator Goldwater has said that corruption in government is the big issue. Republican poll-watchers, called ballot security officers, are in training at the national, state, district and county level to detect fraud, especially in "more than 32 key cities," where vote stealing is to be prevented by a program called "Operation Eagle-Eye." The Republican National Committee has called on every party poll worker to go about his duties armed with a copy of the state election laws, and a roll of dimes for telephoning headquarters lest a situation arise that the individual poll worker cannot handle. Trickery is to be expected, according to the national committee, not only from "police or election deputies who knowingly help only the dominant party," but also from "crooked judges and crooked clerks," as well as local thugs who, may block telephones.

In order to get around all this predicted skullduggery, the Republican poll-watchers, or ballot security officers, are told among other things to "use 'squad cars' manned by reporter-photographer teams. One car should cover only a few precincts, patrolling the beat continuously. When infractions occur, story and pictures should be made available quickly to local newspapers, wire services and radio and television stations. No polling place may be left unguarded. No voting machine may be left untended. No counting process may be left unwatched. No absentee ballot tally may be

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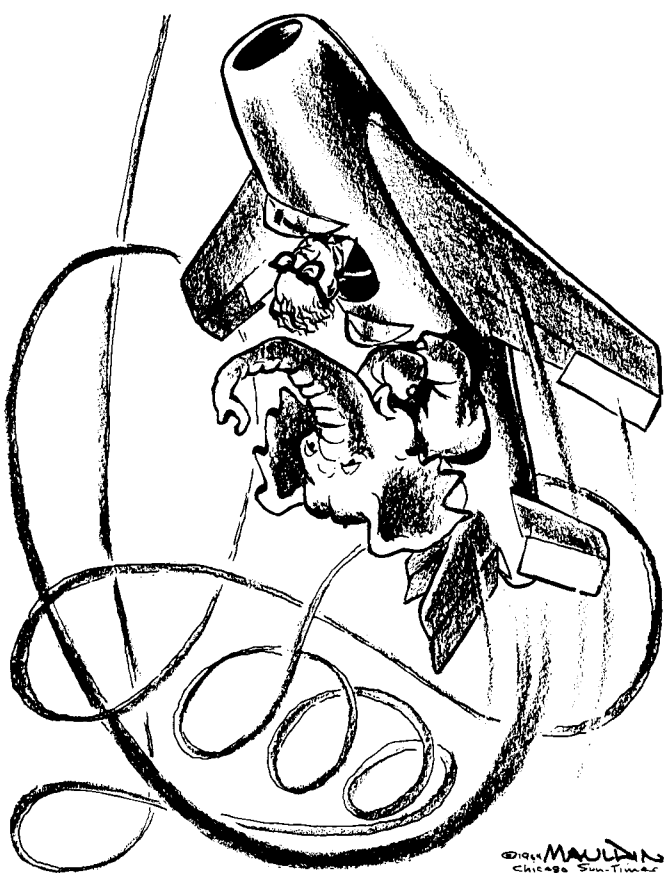
left unsupervised. At least one worker at every polling place should carry a camera, preferably with a flash attachment, and know how to use it fast. All cruising party workers should have cameras in their automobiles, keeping them in sight, using them in situations which appear to be payoffs or 'floater' operations."

What – apart from Goldwater's insistent demands that morality be restored to government – leads the Republicans to think that they have to take these extraordinary precautions? For an answer, the Grand Old Party points solemnly to what it says happened last time. "Only 112,881 votes out of 68 million blocked us from Presidential victory in 1960," says the National Committee. "There were widespread, shocking charges of voting frauds and irregularities. Did we win the election but lose the ballot count? This election was a dramatic demonstration of how the very heart of the democratic process can be put in jeopardy."

The statement may be more revealing than the committee intends it to be. In the light of it, the ballot security officers program looks more like an alibi for the Republican defeat of 1960 than prevention of a Republican defeat in 1964. If in spite of "Operation Eagle-Eye," the Republican Party suffers a much worse defeat this year than it did four years ago, will it still be able to cry "We wuz robbed"?



"I Think I'm Going To Be Sick . . ."

AFRICA

I — *Civil Rights for Whites*

How do Africans who have gained independence treat their own racial minorities – the whites, Arabs and Asians? Most of these non-blacks live in East Africa, an exceptionally beautiful and climatically pleasant highland area. In East Africa, Tanganyika has been independent since 1961, Uganda since 1962 and Kenya since last year. About a fifth of East Africa's 500,000 immigrants are European; the remainder Indian, Pakistani and Arab origin. The indigenous population of East Africa is nearly 25 million. Since independence, educated Africans have taken the key places in the governing class, but commercial circles remain heavily Asian or European and workers and farmers, African.

Given recent history, it would be surprising if there were no racial discrimination after independence. The European colonizers refused to admit that Africans had a civilization of their own; and although African cultures did not develop a scientific view of the world and thus did not cope with problems of disease or develop extensive industrial technology, many observers argue that African cultures were richer in their development of human relationships than Western culture. Not only did the European colonizers disrupt African cultures, they added insult to injury with theories of racial inferiority, which the Africans bitterly resented. When in 1947 a Kenya politician (who was subsequently defeated for being too "moderate") told an African audience that "the African brain is unsurpassed," he was answered by prolonged cheering and thousands of voices crying "we are men, we are men."

When the unemployed African in the city finds that after independence the Europeans and Asians live as well as ever while he lives as badly as ever, he demands that his political leaders do something. Consequently, although most African leaders condemn racialism, immigrants have been expelled on 24 hours notice, forced to leave friends and livelihood behind, and even the small minority of Asians and Europeans who have become citizens of the East African countries are discriminated against in employment. West African lawyers are imported to fill judicial positions that a qualified East African Asian might have filled. Earlier this year, a Ugandan went to the West Indies to recruit secretaries. Uganda Asians might have filled the posts, but if they did, he frankly admitted, "Our people might ask 'Where is our independence?' " Asian merchants have sometimes found government-supported coopera-

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tive societies being used to drive them out of business in favor of African rivals.

Julius Nyerere, the President of Tanganyika, opposes such discrimination even though he himself as an African was refused service by a white-run hotel in his own capital only six years ago. In 1963, Nyerere finally persuaded his political party to accept Asians and Europeans as members. (An Asian and a European were already serving in his cabinet.) This January, Nyerere announced that the time had come for all citizens (not residents, *citizens*) to be treated alike in terms of employment and promotion regardless of color. This brought strong protest from East African trade unionists and probably helped trigger the army mutinies which swept the three East African nations that month. One of the mutineers' major grievances was the continued presence of European officers. In Uganda, ruling-party youths who bullied Europeans and Asians were arrested, tried and convicted but were then pardoned by the government.

Both in Kenya and Tanganyika, members of Parliament objected to immigrants being allowed to become citizens. "Only black people are fit to be citizens," proclaimed a Kenya member of Parliament, while a colleague in Tanganyika doubted that "the ordinary African forming the vast majority of the population will agree to give equal rights to the Europeans and the Asians."

Yet the most striking fact about East Africa is that the racialists have not been very effective. Most Africans follow leaders dedicated to a non-racial policy. Kenya's Prime Minister, Jomo Kenyatta, whom Kenya settlers once cursed as their arch villain, is now their major protector, with his slogan of *harambee* – roughly, "let's all pull together."

But nearly 20 percent of the labor force in East Africa is unemployed, and nearly half the population is under 16 years of age. As the excitement of independence wears thin, a new generation of leaders will face a terrible temptation to find racial scapegoats to divert mass frustrations.

JOSEPH S. NYE JR.

II— *Congo Triumvirate*

In the Congo, President Joseph Kasavubu seems more firmly in control than ever. He is still the Paramount Chief who rules from a concealed enclosure, speaking through a prime minister who is a kind of Grand Vizier. The new Grand Vizier is Moise Tshombe, whose only interest is politics, and who seeks an army of little viziers, preferably French, to do his administrative work for him. The French, who helped bring Tshombe back, are obligingly preparing plans for a new administrative system, which 2,000 Frenchmen, paid by France, will staff. France is seeking to take over the Congo's economy also. Belgium, which gasped in 1960 when a French note reminded Brussels that France had second rights in the Congo if ever Belgium relinquished power (thanks to an 1887 treaty with Leopold II), is gasping more now. Tshombe's use of white mercenary soldiers and his hobnobbing with the former white colonial powers are what made him so controversial and unwelcome a visitor to Cairo earlier this month.

Tshombe still has no ideology: but he does have a great reserve of unscrupulous nervous energy which might help Kasavubu run the country. He is much less unpopular in the Congo than he is abroad – just as Patrice Lumumba is less remembered in his own country than in Moscow or Cairo. The US Embassy has recovered from the shock of Tshombe's rise to power and sees its tasks as ensuring that American influence still surpasses that of everyone else, including France; helping whoever is "in charge" in Leopoldville to fight the Chinese threat; and continuing to support President Kasavubu, who is now in his fifth unchallenged year of office. Washington wisely guessed that African resentment against Tshombe would soon subside. The US is assisting him with US Air Force transport planes against the Congo's rebels.

The armed risings are petering out, thanks to a three-pronged Congolese Army assault (with a mercenary "warhead" in front), and thanks also to the rains, to starvation and to weariness with terror: the pillage, rape and wholesale murders by the rebels. Were it not for the 800 white hostages in Stanleyville, a parachute raid could soon seize the rebel capital, and the divided, multifarious risings would be finished. Direct aid from the Chinese in Bujumbura and Brazzaville is nearly impossible, now that the government troops occupy the strategic borders.

The Congo's economy has recovered, although a quarter of agricultural exports that were forecast for this year will probably be lost in the tribal mayhem. This year's revised export target – $311 million – will be the highest since independence. But prices are high, and wages still lag behind. A rising in Leopoldville – unlikely, but possible – would be China's best hope.

The eventuality is unlikely because Kasavubu looks so immutable. The most African of African presidents, he accepts tribalism and seeks unity only at the top. Even to most of the rebels, he seems beyond defiance. Tshombe makes no attempt to deny who is really boss. After general elections – probably next spring – Kasavubu wants a triumvirate: Tshombe to manage the politics, ex-premier Adoula to do the administering, and himself – or rather Himself – to rule.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

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Tight Senate Race

The Uncertain Length of LBJ's Coattails

Last year's GOP visions of big gains – perhaps 10 or more seats – in the Senate have turned into sugar plums dancing in the heads of Democrats. They see a chance of picking up a net of one to five seats.

But there are "ifs." If Barry Goldwater scores heavily in the South, it could endanger two Democratic seats in Tennessee or if the Arizonan catches on in the Midwest Senator R. Vance Hartke's seat could be imperiled and the already grim prospects of Senator Steve Young in Ohio would worsen.

Eleven races, four held by Republicans and seven by Democrats, hold the key. Except for New York and Pennsylvania, all are in the West and Southwest.

Arizona

A young man named Roy Elson has wrapped himself in the mantle of his state's aging but prestigious Senator Carl Hayden, neutralized the powerful Pulliam press in Phoenix thus far and is threatening to take Barry Goldwater's own Senate seat for the Democrats. President Johnson dropped in to take Elson to church one Sunday and Senator Hayden, who avoided deep involvement in other people's campaigns through most of his 52 years in Congress, will stump the state for his 33-year-old administrative assistant these last two weeks. It adds up to quite an accomplishment for a young man. It also worries GOP Governor Paul Fannin, his opponent and the early favorite. The race looks wide open with a firm trend yet to set in. Much could depend on the Johnson-Goldwater division in Arizona. If the polls which show LBJ leading are accurate, the climate for an Elson victory could be there on election day.

California

"Should Bobby, Teddy and Pierre run the Senate?" That's the weighty question ex-song-and-dance-man George Murphy has asked Californians to ponder. It's called "the spillover." It's also an excellent diversionary tactic while Murphy reworks his own image to come out looking like a sober, conservative – but only moderately so – thinker. But he has a problem. Even an ex-hoofer finds it difficult to keep one foot just firmly enough in the Goldwater camp so as not to alarm Barry's fierce partisans in Southern California as they watch him carefully plant the other just firmly enough in the moderate camp to disarm GOP liberals still in a state of shock over Barry's June victory there and his nomination at San Francisco. The polls show Murphy's strategy working thus far; he has come up fast. Nevertheless, he still faces a major hurdle – LBJ. Some knowledgeable Californians say Johnson will get 60 percent of the vote in the state. That's all Pierre Salinger and his "fun campaign" should need to retire Mr. Murphy to the late shows.

Hawaii

All the credits seem to be on the Democratic side of the ledger. There's Representative Tom Gill's sweeping (2-1) primary win, the expected Johnson landslide in the Islands and the assist popular Senator Inouye is giving Representative Gill in his bid to become the junior colleague. A trace of doubt lingers, however. Republican Senator Hiram Fong's record is liberal enough to satisfy many voters in the Islands, and he has kept his many fences – built during years of active participation in politics – in careful repair. It's enough to satisfy Harry Bridges of the powerful Longshoreman's Union and it may be enough to set off a rash of ticket splitting in Hawaii and give Senator Fong a second term. Still, in the recent primary, Gill received twice as many votes as Fong, and nearly 75 percent of the Island's voters called for Democratic ballots. Gill's aides think it looks so good they're worried.

Nevada

To you and me, Las Vegas is a place to gamble. To Senator Howard Cannon (D), its the place he must get a thumping majority if he is to turn back a serious challenge by Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt (R), one of the more attractive Senate candidates put forth by the GOP this year. Cannon's friends think he will hold his seat, but it makes them nervous to remember that Laxalt won in 1962 by making deep inroads in Las Vegas (Clark County) against a seasoned politician in residence there. Might he do it again? To prevent this, Cannon is working overtime to put "the curse" on Laxalt by tying him to Barry. It's a fair maneuver because Mr. Laxalt took the Nevada delegates to San Francisco pledged to Barry. However, Senator Cannon was held to 58 percent of his party's primary vote after a raft of opponents kept pointing up his friendship with Bobby Baker. One country editor who backs Laxalt told his readers it's "better to be tied to Barry Goldwater than be tied to Bobby Baker." One more factor: Johnson's popularity appears to be rising in Nevada, to Senator Cannon's delight. The odds would seem to favor Senator Cannon, but barely.

New Mexico

Remember the friend who bemoans having to vote for

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either Presidential candidate. If you live in New Mexico, you're sure to have some friends who begrudge having to give their vote to either Senator Edwin L. Mechem (R), a nice guy but so very conservative, or Representative Joseph M. Montoya (D), a man with a liberal record but so knee deep in the state's wild precinct politics many are reluctant to give him greater influence. President Johnson appears well ahead in the state and this could tip a very tight Senate race to the Democrats. But Mechem has been the only GOP candidate to win the state several times in the past. The Spanish vote (about 30 percent) leans heavily to Montoya. The East Side (Little Texas) is Birchish and looking to Mechem. Albuquerque, with 25 percent of the vote and hosts of independent-minded Anglos who don't want to make this choice, will cast the decisive vote. An "if": Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D), a powerful man both at home and in Washington, could tip the scales if he rolls up his sleeves and goes to work for Representative Montoya. The present reading: Too close to call.

OKLAHOMA

The simple facts of pork barrel politics, which Oklahomans learned so well from the late Senator Robert S. Kerr, are luring Democrats back into the fold in the closing weeks of the campaign. If Johnson wins, and it seems apparent to many he will, why antagonize him by sending a Republican to the Senate? Or so goes the argument in behalf of youthful State Senator Fred Harris, the Democratic nominee. It could cost the GOP's handsome folk hero, Bud Wilkinson, the Senate seat that once seemed all but officially his. But will that argument strike a responsive chord with the distaff side, where Wilkinson's appeal is strongest? President Johnson appears to be gaining steadily in Oklahoma and Harris is clutching his coattails while pursuing votes in the "Bible Belt" of Southern Oklahoma, where he is popular, and the growing metropolitan centers of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, where Wilkinson is making a strong race. Both sides see a cliff-hanger and agree that Wilkinson is outdistancing Goldwater in the state. Despite this, the coach continues to say nice things about Barry. Estimate: The girls will give the edge to the coach.

TEXAS

Senator Ralph Yarborough (D) may need his one-time arch foe in state politics (Johnson) to get past the GOP's attractive George Bush, son of ex-Senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut. Senator Yarborough has two big problems: Although he and the President see a lot of each other these days, some "Connally Democrats" haven't got the word. Or don't want to hear it. And the name of Billie Sol Estes, once a friend of Yarborough, haunts his campaign. But there are some pluses for Yarborough. One is the sharp increase in Negro and Spanish-American registrations (around 175,000). Another is the reluctance of LBJ's supporters to saddle him with two Republicans from his home state. The President endorsed Yarborough on a recent trip to Texas and this should help. The best estimates: Senator Yarborough will win in a close race.

UTAH

The strategy here is to isolate the right-wing and free the moderates to swing behind Senator Frank Moss (D) and the Johnson-Humphrey ticket. But the state is being flooded with the hate tracts of the far right, which is drawn to the conservative combination of Ernest Wilkinson, Moss' opponent, and the Goldwater-Miller ticket. Interestingly enough, Wilkinson's campaign manager confided to a friend recently that Goldwater is a "drag" on his man in Utah. Polls indicate he is right. A recent statewide survey of the *Salt Lake Tribune* gave Moss a 54-40 margin, and a poll in two GOP strongholds in Northern Utah gave Moss a 53-44 advantage. President Johnson is running even better in the polls. Moss' aides see the race as "tight" and their boss is running scared. He must combat two assets Wilkinson has – a heavily financed campaign and his connection with church-related Brigham Young University in a state in which the Mormon vote is decisive. Current estimates: Senator Moss is safe barring the unforeseen.

WYOMING

Every rule has at least one exception and Wyoming Democrats are one of the exceptions this year. While reports of Democratic disarray at a state level pop up elsewhere, in Wyoming Senator Gale McGee (D) has united his party and breathed new life into it. As a result, he is given an edge going into the final two weeks of a close race. His opponent, John Wold, is a moderate conservative who claimed kinship to Goldwater in the primary to slip past a right-winger and is now backing off to prevent the frontlash from spreading to his race. But McGee has responded by labeling him "Woldwater" and continuing his long attack on John Birch influence in the state's GOP. President Johnson is making a strong race in Wyoming and recently dropped in at Casper, the oil center of the state and home of Wold – himself an oilman. McGee's strength in the labor counties along the Union Pacific appears firm and he has made some inroads in rural areas by his fight for a probe of food chain marketing practices. Still, he's running as a liberal Democrat in a basically Republican state and, in the final days, must fight for every vote.

PAUL R. WIECK

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"THE WHITE MAN AIN'T NEVER GOING TO LET US VOTE"

All You Have To Do Is Lie

McComb, Mississippi

"When the dynamite hit the ground in our front yard I fired and they drove off in their car. Then they came back real fast and shot twice into the house. My husband slept through it all. I had to wake him up! He grabbed his gun and ran outside. Next time they came round the block he let them have it. The dynamite blew him off the ground still shooting. From that time till now I don't sleep at night."

Mrs. Ora Bryant is addressing an overflow mass meeting at St. Paul's AME church in McComb, Mississippi. She is one of three Negro mothers who have just returned from Washington, where they saw the President. He listened for 20 minutes while they poured out the story of McComb's terror-filled summer – 10 churches burned to the ground in the county, 16 bombings of Negro homes and houses of worship, numerous abductions and floggings, arbitrary arrests, police brutalities, legal frame-ups and economic reprisals against Negro voter registration.

"When we got to Washington they told us the President was too busy to see us. We said we'd stay till the next day. They said he would be too busy the next day too, so we told them we'd just stay on till we saw him. After we talked with him they asked us not to tell what he had promised us about giving us some protection in McComb. We did though. We was putting pressure on him.

"After that they said it was too dangerous for us to come back to McComb. We asked them where else did we have to go but home? So they advised us to try to slip into town. Big as we are!"

Mrs. Alyene Quin's home was bombed September 20. Mrs. Quin is an even bigger woman than Mrs. Bryant. She has the aplomb of a seasoned public speaker, though this is her first public appearance: "What started it all was the summer project. I let the civil rights workers, white and black alike, eat in my cafe. White man I rent from came and he said, 'You've really got things in a mess!' I looked round the cafe and I couldn't see any mess and I told him so.

" 'What I mean is, you're serving those people', he said. 'When you're in Rome you got to do like the Romans'."

" 'I'm not in Rome, I'm in McComb', I told the man.

" 'Why don't you just close up for a couple of months?' he asked me.

" 'I can't afford to. What about my help? They need their jobs'.

" 'Take a vacation'.

" 'I've had a vacation', I told him.

"I stayed open and they bombed my house. White man's putting me out of my cafe at the end of this month because he's afraid they'll bomb that next. When we told the President how they were doing us in McComb he acted like he was about to cry. He walked to the door with us when we left.

"Now I've got one thing to tell you people. Go down and register please! I've gone down to register three times. I haven't passed but I'm going down every month until I do. Talk loud. Don't do it behind closed doors. The Uncle Toms will tell the white folks anyhow. It's too late to start playing children again. We're not going to turn back."

The first of the three mothers to speak that night in the church had been Mrs. Mattielean Dillon. A bomb exploded in her yard August 28. Not the bombers, but her husband was arrested. He had been fixing a friend's car under a tree in his yard. He was charged with operating a garage without a license. Because of some irregularity in his wiring he was also charged with "jumping" an electric meter. In jail, where he was held incommunicado, the police tried to pressure Dillon into accusing the Negro community of responsibility for the bombings that had been taking place. When he refused, he was brought to trial on the charges of operating an unlicensed garage and stealing electric power. It cost Dillon $600 in fines and nine months in jail to be bombed.

When the meeting is over, the crowd of Negroes and civil rights workers sift back to their homes, while the usual police prowl cars and the unlicensed pick-up trucks with two-way radios (believed to be the eyes and ears of the Ku Klux Klan) circle and circle. A little later, Cephas Hughes, Negro civil rights worker from Baltimore and former mathematics instructor at the University of Maryland, radios that he is under arrest and proceeding under police escort to the station. The civil rights workers have also equipped their cars with two-way radios. Hughes and the four young ladies he was driving home have been picked up for having no small, white light illuminating the car's license plate. A minor offense which customarily would bring only an admonition to have the matter corrected – if it were noticed at all – costs Hughes $24.50. Jesse Harris, local director of the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) project, says

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the civil rights group has had to pay $350 in traffic fines the past three days.

Douglas Jenkins, a COFO worker, is stopped by the highway patrol. "Are you one of those educated niggers, or one of those uneducated niggers?" the patrolman asks him. "Neither one," Jenkins answers. The patrolman takes an ice-pick from the glove compartment of his car and a small jack-knife from his pocket. "Nigger, you need a shave," he says. Jenkins wears one of the goatees commonly seen among young Negroes today. Holding the ice-pick against Jenkins' lips, the patrolman hacks off his beard with the knife.

A couple of days later Jenkins, in company with Joe Harrison, another Negro civil rights worker, is picked up again by the highway patrol. Jenkins is wearing an "LBJ" button which a patrolman yanks off his shirt. "The only way that son of a bitch is going to get to be President again is by you niggers." Both young men are made to lie face down in the roadside grass with their hands behind their heads while two patrolmen search their car for 45 minutes. The search yields nothing. Harrison is released. Jenkins is taken to jail in Brookhaven for having neglected to sign his driving license. Ninety-two hours later he is released after paying a $24 fine.

In jail at Magnolia, the county seat, under $5,000 bonds are 24 Negro youths. They are charged with "criminal syndicalism," under a law just passed by the Mississippi legislature. Similar state laws have been declared unconstitutional by the US Supreme Court. Eight of the 24 are high school boys under 18. The group had gathered at Mrs. Alyene Quin's home after it was bombed on the night of September 20. Some of them had picked up sticks and stones. There was reportedly some loose talk of retaliating. Jesse Harris and Cephas Hughes of COFO arrived at the scene and persuaded the youths to put down their primitive weapons. When they complied, they were arrested.

Dennis Sweeney, white COFO worker and former Stanford honor student, was also jailed as "an accessory after the fact" of inciting to riot. It was alleged that Sweeney was teaching the young people in the Freedom Schools to make fire-bombs. Because of intervention by his Congresswoman, Representative Edith Green of Portland, Oregon, who sent her staff assistant to McComb, Sweeney was released.

An integrated delegation of four Episcopal ministers from the group of 20 clergymen dispatched to McComb by the National Council of Churches make a fruitless attempt to visit the 24 youths in the Magnolia jail. Even their parents have been barred from seeing them. Turned away, the four ministers descend the court house steps and are met by angry white citizens who shout, "You bastards!" as they walk toward their car.

The Reverend Ned Taylor is a Negro preacher who lives out in the country from McComb on a 69-acre farm which represents a lifetime of hard work and savings. When he is not preaching at the Society Hill Baptist Church in town or conducting a revival somewhere else he takes care of his herd of cattle. All his children are grown and gone to California. Sometimes Mr. Taylor and his wife feel like following them, only they can't leave everything they've got. And what would his congregation do without him?

When the Freedom Schools started this summer, a young fellow in blue jeans and blue chambray shirt, who had left college to get some learning that was not in the books, asked Mr. Taylor if they could use the Society Hill Baptist Church for one of the schools, since it was one of the biggest Negro churches in McComb. Mr. Taylor talked it over with his elders. One of them was scared and said: "The Ku Klux will burn us out most likely. Look what happened to Pleasant Grove Baptist and all those other churches. The white man ain't never going to let us vote."

"You better read your Bible," the Reverend Taylor told him, "where it says in the Epistle of St. James that 'faith without works is dead'."

They had a Freedom School in Society Hill Baptist and sure enough the church was blown to pieces. Later that week, Mr. Taylor preached a revival at another church. Afterward he drove some people home who lived out near Percy Quin State Park near his house. Then he went home, put on his pajamas, and went to bed. There came a knocking at the door. It was the high sheriff of Pike County and a bunch of deputies. They asked Taylor had he driven down the road past Matthew Jackson's house near Percy Quin State Park. He said he had. They asked had a car followed him, a small foreign car. He said he hadn't seen any car. They told him a bomb had gone off in Matthew Jackson's yard. "You niggers is just bombing one another."

The high sheriff handcuffed Taylor and took him away, in his pajamas. When he denied knowing about the bombing of Matthew Jackson's house and his own church, the sheriff said, "Here's a preacher telling a damn lie." Then the sheriff turned him over to the state highway patrol. When they reached the State Highway Department headquarters in Jackson, they hitched him up to the lie-detector. They told him the lie-detector proved he was lying. They questioned him all night and into the next day. All they gave him to eat was a sandwich and a small carton of milk.

Finally an agent who was questioning him got out a deck of cards and asked Mr. Taylor to choose one. "Now whichever card I call," the agent said, "you say 'no' even if it's the one you have in your hand."

"Don't you know I'd be lying?"

"You do it anyhow," the agent said.

JOHN BEECHER

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The Powerful Persuaders

Lady Bird's Trip Through the South

by Helen Fuller

The First Lady reminded those who came to see her off at Alexandria, Virginia, of what General Lee said to his fellow-Southerners when the Civil War was over: "Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans." The President also referred to the wisdom of Lee's counsel, in his speech of welcome to his wife at the other end of the line in New Orleans four days later. Mr. Johnson added that "when the Democrats win this election . . . our first work must be to bind our wounds, heal our history – and make this nation whole."

The quoting of Robert E. Lee was more than campaign corn, and the purpose of the Lady Bird Special expedition was more than to swell the vote for the Democrats on November 3. There was no shortage of corn on the trip, and at the sight of a voter the crew of the Lady Bird gave hot pursuit. But the larger reason for the 1,700-mile ride through eight states was to open the way for reconciliation of the South with the national Democratic Party after the election.

Unless he can overcome the estrangement of Southerners caused by his stand on civil rights, Lyndon Johnson, if elected, cannot be "the President of all the people" he dreams of being, cannot deal easily with a Congress dominated by committee chairmen from the South, cannot command the party unity needed to negotiate from strength with other world leaders.

In 1960 John F. Kennedy needed the votes of the South to win. In 1964 Lyndon Johnson can probably win the Presidency without the South – as Harry Truman did in 1948. But he needs the South with him in victory if his victory is to stay sweet.

And so the President sent the First Lady, whom he calls "the greatest campaigner of them all," to do for him what he, as the Vice Presidential nominee, did for John F. Kennedy in the South four years before.

The record of the LBJ Whistle-Stop Special in 1960 is a hard one to top – for the number of hands shaken, speeches made, the quantities of blarney, bludgeons and boodle dispensed. The Lady Bird Special, however, proved to be a more polished and professional performance. One reason is that many of the staff had learned from the 1960 experience. Lady Bird's back-platform speeches, therefore, were shorter and punchier than Lyndon's in 1960. The "advance men" and labor political action groups delivered: her crowds were larger than his in 1960. The press was properly pandered to. "Happy Hour" in the free press buffet stretched out indefinitely. Special briefings were cheerfully supplied. Pretty "Ladies for Lyndon" were on board to greet local dignitaries at each station with the correct blend of respect, gay chit-chat and hard-sell propaganda. The supply car never ran out of LBJ buttons, balloons, caps and streamers to give the crowds. Lady Bird, Lynda and Luci never ran out of smiles and "Hello, Y'alls." The loudspeaker system played "Hello, Lyndon" instead of "The Yellow Rose of Texas" whenever the train stopped, but not quite so loud or so long as four years before. And best of all, this time Bobby Baker was not traveling aboard.

Three powerful male persuaders rode in the back car with Lady Bird to conduct the business talks with local party leaders that Lyndon himself handled in 1960. In the South this area of politics is still no place for a lady. Former Governor Luther Hodges of North Carolina, House Whip Hale Boggs of Louisiana, and former Governor Buford Ellington of Tennessee performed with effective force and finesse. More than one local leader who had not planned to endorse Johnson surprised himself, when fortified with Scotch and strong arguments in the rear car and faced with three microphones on the rear platform of the train.

The arguments that brought the most conversions to the Johnson cause were substantially the same ones Johnson used to convert backsliders to Kennedy's side in the last Presidential campaign: Don't desert the party of your fathers – particularly when it is about to win; Don't throw away your preferred status in Congress – Southerners only serve as committee chairmen when the Democrats are in; Don't antagonize the Democratic men of power who can make or break your district by decisions on federal spending.

In public, in deference to the proprieties, these self-interest arguments are usually put in the context of the need and potential for growth in the region, and of the Democratic record. And yet, more than once the

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supporting cast of the Lady Bird tour called a pork barrel a pork barrel right out in meeting. Why they did so was explained by Representative Mendel Rivers at a Charleston rally attended by Mrs. Johnson. Rivers is the South Carolina Democrat who is supporting the nominee of his party for President for the first time since he has been in Congress.

The Eisenhower Administration "skeletonized" the Charleston Navy Yard, Rivers reminded the crowd at a huge new shopping center. "I got a bellyful of Dwight Eisenhower." Under the Democrats, the Congressman said, Charleston has prospered as a result of a $175 million federal payroll coming from a new veterans hospital, and a Polaris missile base employing 20,000 military personnel. Lyndon Johnson helped him get every one of these projects for Charleston, Rivers told the crowd. When he recently sought help to bring another $15 million Navy Yard job to Charleston, Rivers reported, House Armed Services Committee Chairman Carl Vinson told him that "the only man who could do it is Lyndon Johnson." "And Lyndon Johnson did," the Congressman testified.

Secretary of Commerce Hodges was there with the facts to back Rivers up. "South Carolinians pay $461 million a year in federal taxes and get back $1.023 billion," he told the Charleston people. "If you want to be foolish, go ahead and be foolish, but I ask you not to. Stay with the Democratic Party, which is the party of our fathers and the party of the future."

The self-interest argument is a powerful persuader with the privileged few of the party, and it appears that it has worked or is about to work again with the large majority of Democratic state organizations in the South, to the advantage of the Johnson-Humphrey ticket. At the Conference of Southern Governors last week, all but four of the chief executives (Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Oklahoma) said that they expected Johnson-Humphrey to carry their states.

The turnout of Democratic brass was impressive along every part of the Lady Bird route. This, of course, was part of the President's strategy in selecting his wife to head the delegation to the South. Party leaders who had not declared for the national ticket or had declared themselves neutral could courteously receive the First Lady without seeming to bow to pressure from the White House. Any among them who decided to join the Johnson forces might find it less painful to capitulate to a lady. And a lady might influence other ladies who sometimes influence their husbands. The wives of two notable holdouts from endorsement of Johnson were in Lady Bird's party and frank and fervent in their declarations for the Johnson ticket: Mrs. Dan Moore, wife of the Democratic gubernatorial candidate in North Carolina, and Mrs. Herman Talmadge, wife of the junior Senator from Georgia. As elsewhere in the country, the status of the party power structure is in flux. The regular "court house crowd" retains unquestionable strength in most parts of the South, however, because it is organized to bring out the votes of those friendly to its candidates. The endorsement of substantial numbers of "regulars" means a lot.

More important to the outcome of the election in the South was the unspoken bond of sympathy displayed by Negroes on every occasion. Negroes made up the vast majority of Mrs. Johnson's trainside greeters. (Strangely, even the critical local press made almost nothing of this fact.) As the train sped through crossroad towns too small to rate a whistle-stop, those who gathered to smile and wave were overwhelmingly black. There was no Negro figurehead in the official party on the Special. Only a few local Negro leaders were among those received aboard during the ride. But the mass of Negroes seemed to call for no such superficial assurances from the Johnsons at this stage.

The obvious devotion and interest of the Negroes was not lost on the local white politicians. Even four years ago the state Democratic organization in South Carolina had acquired enough understanding of the new facts of political life to call on the national AFL-CIO in desperation to help them get out the Negro vote for Kennedy. (The Democratic ticket carried South Carolina by 10,400 votes, with Negroes casting an estimated 40,000 votes in the state.) In 1960, only 58,000 Negroes were registered to vote in South Carolina: today there are 144,000.

Almost all the Southern states have experienced a similar increase in Negro registration. In the last four years the number of those who have qualified to vote has doubled in Alabama and Florida and increased 65 percent in Texas. In total, the number of Negro voters in the Southern states has almost doubled since 1960. With an added 800,000 on the books, the total approaches two million, representing 13 percent of the Southern electorate.

These figures might be less than meaningful were it not for the apparent determination of the new voters and their leaders to exercise this new power at the polls. Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. said from the pulpit last Sunday that "Goldwaterism must be totally defeated." This means, he explained, a crushing defeat that will destroy the philosophy as well as the candidacy of the Senator. "If all the Negroes voted the same way," Dr. King says, "Goldwater would lose every Southern state but Mississippi and Alabama. Even the Good Lord could not win there."

Perhaps it was, in part, to spare white Southerners the humiliation of having the first Southern President in 100 years put into office by the Negroes, substantially without white aid in the South, that the President sent Lady Bird to welcome everyone into the fold.

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Barry's Economic Crusade

by James Tobin

Barry Goldwater's campaign has developed his economic proposals more explicitly than any other aspect of his program. At first glance he seems to offer as much "echo" as "choice." He too wants to cut taxes, help state and local governments, raise social security benefits, end the draft. But all resemblance to Administration programs and plans is superficial. Goldwater's proposals add up to a radical revolution which, to the delight of his fanatical followers, he has always urged.

Not that his present positions are faithful in detail to his previous writings or to his record in the Senate. Thanks to the influence of University of Chicago economist Milton Friedman, Goldwater's economic ideas seem to have gained in coherence and sophistication.

Three basic themes run consistently through the Goldwater-Friedman economic program.

1. The federal government should confine itself to providing a favorable climate for private economic activity. It should not try to steer the economy toward any particular goals. Target rates of employment and economic growth are conspicuously missing from Goldwater's pronouncements. There is no indication that he regards the record of the economy since 1957 as unsatisfactory in these respects. Even the standard conservative goal of price stability gets little emphasis.

In Goldwater's view, which mirrors Friedman's, the government should not try to fight the business cycle. Rather, once having adopted the right monetary and fiscal policies, it should – apart from minor adjustments in timing – hold to them steadily through thick and thin, recession and inflation.

Goldwater ignores the Employment Act of 1946, which commits the federal government to an active policy of economic stabilization in the interests of maximum production, jobs and purchasing power.

2. The federal government should be reduced in economic size. To keep federal expenditures from rising with the growth of population and national income, Goldwater would give away in advance all of the normal growth of federal revenues. A little more than half would go into his five-year income tax reduction plan, the rest into other tax concessions and eventually into reduction of federal debt. This fiscal program is calculated to force the federal government gradually to strip itself of functions other than national defense and foreign policy, leaving them to be picked up, if at all, by state and local governments.

3. Government regulation of business undermines both freedom and economic efficiency. In the absence of misguided regulation, competition can be counted on to limit private economic power and to turn the self-interest of each into the welfare of all.

A conservative crusade might be expected to begin with a ringing denunciation of deficit spending and a solemn pledge to balance the budget. Although noises of this kind appear in some of his speeches, Goldwater has not taken a traditional conservative line. He seems to be a less fanatical opponent of budget deficits than General Eisenhower or former Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, a prominent Goldwater supporter before San Francisco. At the famous Republican Governors' Conference last spring Eisenhower advocated that the federal government be required to balance its budget receipts and expenditures over every two-year period.

But Goldwater says that, like every businessman, the government must expect its receipts to vary unpredictably. It is not efficient to adjust programs to such ups and downs. Moreover, Goldwater obviously wants to be free to inaugurate his five-year tax cut plan before the budget is literally in balance.

It would be pleasant to welcome the conservative wing of the GOP to the growing consensus that year-by-year, or two-year-by-two-year, budget balance is an impossibly foolish goal of fiscal policy. But the new converts have not come all the way. Goldwater will put up with deficits when the economy is below par, and he sees some value in the "built-in stabilizers," the automatic reductions in tax collections and increases in unemployment benefits which accompany and moderate recessions. But he opposes deliberate variation of federal tax rates or expenditures to offset waves in private spending. He wants "steady and dependable" tax rates and expenditure programs, designed to balance the budget "when the economy is prosperous and prices are stable." Fiscal policy is not to be used to bring the economy and the budget to this happy state.

Goldwater's passive fiscal strategy deviates from the

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Employment Act and contrasts with the practice of every Administration since the war. Every one, including Eisenhower's, has to a greater or lesser degree tried to pursue active counter cyclical fiscal policy.

Following the spirit of recommendations by the blue-ribbon private Commission on Money and Credit in 1961, President Kennedy proposed to Congress a series of measures to make federal tax rates and expenditures more flexible and effective anti-recession tools. Clearly Goldwater will have none of this. He fatalistically accepts fluctuations both in business activity and in the balance of the federal budget.

"Fixed-Throttle" Policy

Economists will have no difficulty discerning here the hand of their redoubtable conservative colleague Professor Friedman. He is skeptical of the economic importance of fiscal measures and stresses monetary policy instead. For Friedman the key variable is the stock of money – currency and coin in circulation plus commercial bank deposits. This is the province of the Federal Reserve System. But Friedman has long since despaired of the possibility of smoothing out cycles by monetary management. Even the best central bankers, he fears, will aggravate rather than moderate cycles – like a short-sighted housewife who tries to regulate the heat in her home by too frequent and too large adjustments of the thermostat. Friedman favors, for the Federal Reserve as well as for the budget, a "fixed-throttle" policy – keep the stock of money growing in good times and bad, at a constant pace roughly equal to the long-run growth rate of the economy.

Interestingly enough, candidate Goldwater explicitly disavows this central recommendation of adviser Friedman. Indeed he uses the opportunity to make his obeisance to the principle of "the independent Federal Reserve System," a traditional conservative ritual somehow omitted from the Republican platform.

This is not the only medicine in Dr. Friedman's kit which proved too strong. Another is the proposal to cut the dollar loose from gold, letting it fluctuate freely in value in the foreign exchange markets. Goldwater disagrees. Nevertheless it is an interesting irony that, in contrast to the campaign of 1960, financial circles identify the Republican candidate less firmly than his opponent with the maintenance of the gold standard.

The most eye-catching of Goldwater's economic proposals, of course, is his pledge to reduce all federal income tax liabilities, corporate as well as individual, by 25 percent. This reduction would occur in five equal yearly installments according to a fixed and automatic schedule. When the plan is to start is unclear. In speeches Goldwater promises that "one of my first actions in the White House" will be to ask Congress to enact it. But he has nevertheless stipulated that this can occur "only when the upward trend in spending has been brought to a halt and deficits in good times have been eliminated."

Several features of the proposal deserve comment:

1. Under existing tax laws the normal growth of the economy increases federal revenues about 5 percent, or $6 billion, a year. The Goldwater plan would give back to income taxpayers a little more than half this normal yearly increment, about $3.5 billion. In addition, Goldwater favors reducing the "host of nuisance taxes," and he also proposes credits against income taxes for local school taxes and for tuition, fees and gifts paid to educational institutions. The Republican platform also promises aged citizens tax credits for medical and hospital insurance. Revenue losses involved cannot be estimated without more precise specification of these schemes, but they are potentially enormous.

As in other instances, Goldwater's voice is an echo, though a distorted and exaggerated echo, of President Johnson's. The Kennedy-Johnson Administration has been worried about the "drag" on the economy created by the automatic growth of the federal tax take, when it is not matched by equivalent growth of government or business spending. This was one of the motivations for the recent tax cut, and it has led President Johnson and his chief economic adviser, Walter Heller, to contemplate publicly the need for future "fiscal dividends." Indeed, LBJ has indicated that federal excise taxes will be reduced next year.

2. Characteristically the Goldwater proposal immobilizes federal fiscal policy. The scheduled tax cuts proceed inexorably whether the future brings inflation or recession, more international tension or less. Recently Arthur F. Burns, Chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, publicly chided Walter Heller for guardedly suggesting that another fiscal dividend of unspecified size might be due in another year or two. "No careful economist," Burns wrote to *The New York Times*, "would ever make such a statement." We can only infer by extrapolation Burns' opinion of Goldwater's proposal and of the economists who devised it.

3. The plan greatly reduces the progressivity of federal income taxation. The high-bracket taxpayer benefits by a much bigger percentage of his income, before or after taxes, than his low-bracket neighbor. This is Goldwater's notion of "the fair principle of equal treatment for all." Under the Revenue Act of 1964, individual income tax rates run from 14 to 70 percent, compared to 20-91 percent previously. Five years of Goldwater reductions would narrow the span of rates to 10.5-52.5 percent. Meanwhile the corporation rate, already down from 52 to 48 percent, would be further reduced to 36 percent. Presumably this is

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only the beginning of the assault on progressive taxation. Goldwater views the 25 percent cut in everybody's tax liabilities as only a rough approximation to the basic tax reform he favors.

The central objective of the proposed tax reductions is to reduce the size of the federal government. All increases of revenue are to be given away in advance. No longer will the bureaucracy have to "work overtime to dream up new spending schemes to spend and even overspend" growing federal revenues.

Big government is the main target of conservative anger. To Goldwater and his followers, the sheer size of the current federal budget is a greater evil than its deficit. Listen to Goldwater in Montgomery, Alabama, September 16. The federal colossus is steadily increasing in size, scope and power, "engulfing our precious resources," subjugating the people and their state and local governments. The "explosive growth in non-defense spending must stop. The spread of federal bureaucracy must be arrested – before it cannibalizes us all." Never has so much indignation been generated for so little cause.

How Big Is It?

What are the facts? How big is the federal government relative to the national economy? And why?

1. One measure is the share of the federal government in the productive activity of the nation. What proportion of Gross National Product originates in the federal government? This measure does not count federal purchases of products made by private business. It does count production of goods and services in the government or in government enterprises. Some of these, like TVA electricity, are sold to private customers. But most are personal services, rendered by soldiers or civil servants, at the same time produced in the government and used by the government. Nationalization has been a dead issue in this country for a long time; the same collectivist Administration which Goldwater denounces turned communications satellites over to private enterprise.

In 1963 federal activity originated $29 billion of the $584 billion GNP. Of this, $17.5 billion represented the military and civilian payrolls of the armed services. Federal activity apart from defense did not account for more than two percent of GNP. In 1929 – before America's fall from innocence – the corresponding figure was one percent. Some of this increase is illusory – government is a very labor-using activity and costs more relative to other goods and services than in 1929. Anyway if this is creeping socialism, the creep is pretty slow.

2. A second measure relates to federal purchases, rather than federal production, of goods and services. How much of the nation's output, wherever produced, does the federal government buy and use? How much does it leave for the use of private individuals, businesses, and state and local governments? In 1963 federal purchases (plus foreign aid financed exports) were $66 billion, of which $55 billion was for defense and space. Thus federal civilian programs (including foreign economic aid) consumed less than two percent of GNP. The corresponding figure for 1929 is about one percent. About half of the difference reflects simply the relative increase over the years in the cost of the things the government buys. It does not appear that federal civilian programs are engulfing our resources.

3. There are federal expenditures other than purchases of goods and services, and it is quite true that these have risen dramatically. They amounted in 1963 to $49 billion, about 8.5 percent of GNP, while in 1929 they were only $1.3 billion, 1.3 percent of GNP. These expenditures included in 1963:

– $30 billion of "transfer" payments to individuals, for which no current productive services are rendered in return – social security benefits ($19 billion) and veterans' pensions and insurance benefits ($4.5 billion) are the main examples;

– interest on the federal debt ($7.7 billion net);

– grants-in-aid to state and local governments ($9 billion);

– agricultural subsidies ($3.3 billion).

Do these numbers imply a great federal encroachment into the domains of private citizens and state and local governments? It is impossible to give a quantitative answer. Gross National Product is not the proper reference for comparison. In these transactions the government is neither a producer and seller nor a purchaser and consumer of goods and services. These expenditures do not diminish the economic resources available to the rest of the economy. They do transfer command over resources – from security taxpayers to social security beneficiaries, from general taxpayers to state and local governments, veterans, federal bondholders, etc. There are similar private transfers – gifts, pensions, insurance payments. Some of these – in particular private health insurance and retirement plans – have grown explosively since the war. But there is no overall total with which to compare the federal figure.

Anyway Barry Goldwater neither would nor could do much to shrink these expenditures or to retard their growth. Earlier noises to the contrary notwithstanding, he now favors the social security system and wants to increase old age and survivors' benefits. He cannot escape interest on the federal debt or contractual obligations to veterans.

As for grants to state and local governments, Goldwater does not promise or threaten to reduce them. Instead he would replace the present system of grants-in-aid of specific objectives – highways, public assist-

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ance, housing, urban renewal, hospitals, education, etc. – with unconditional grants. He would allocate these among states mainly in proportion to federal income tax collections, but there would be supplements for low-income states and cities.

In a sense this is another "me too" proposal. The Administration was already known to be studying the idea of unconditional grants. But there are no doubt important differences. A Johnson program, we may hope, would supplement rather than scrap programmatic grants-in-aid and would gear total aid more to population and need than to tax collections. After all, the main reason for financing state and local governments with *federal* taxes is that many people, many problems, and many objectives cross state boundaries. We are a nation. Connecticut citizens do have an interest in the quality of rivers in Massachusetts, of highways in Wyoming, schools in Mississippi, and life in Harlem. We cannot leave it wholly up to 50 state legislatures to determine whether and how national resources are used to meet national needs.

In agriculture, Goldwater wants to liberate the farmer from government controls and subsidies and create a free market. Bravo! Most economists, whatever their political persuasion, share this objective. And, as Goldwater can confirm by asking his friend Ezra Taft Benson, most farm state politicians are just as unanimous and nonpartisan in rejecting it. Anyway Goldwater recognizes that farmers will have to be helped through the transition. So this policy could not save money very soon.

A Phony Issue

In short, the enormous and growing size of the federal government is a phony issue. Goldwater won't touch the amounts spent for national defense, interest on the debt, veterans' payments, social security, and grants to state and local governments. Leave these out and the colossus shrinks to about $20 billion in total expenditures. Within this total we may be sure that Goldwater's axe will fall not on irrigation projects for the Southwest but on those politically vulnerable federal programs – *e.g.* foreign economic aid, the Peace Corps, the anti-poverty package, the support of science and the arts, national parks, forests and lands – which attest, however feebly, that America is still capable of compassion, foresight and taste.

The conservative crusaders march against the power of the alien government, not just its size. The refrain is that ever-increasing federal regulation has hamstrung and crippled our Free Private Enterprise System. How this mighty engine of progress continues to function at all, hobbled as it has been for so long by bureaucratic controls, is a real mystery. In any case Goldwater leads in his war of liberation a whole host of business and professional men and women, the impoverished and enslaved victims of regimentation.

But Goldwater's indictment of federal regulatory agencies may surprise them; for his complaint is that these agencies too assiduously defend the very interests they are supposed to be regulating, to the detriment of consumers and potential competitors. With this indictment most liberals and most economists would agree. But the remedy is not just wholesale scrapping of regulation. In some cases, less regulation would indeed mean more competition, with benefit to the consuming public. This was the gist of President Kennedy's message to the Congress on transportation. In other cases, continued but reoriented regulation is essential, either to maintain effective competition or to protect and inform consumers when competition cannot do so. Goldwater and his economists would do well to face some specific questions. For example: Was the government wrong and tyrannical to keep thalidomide off the market? Does it advance the cause of freedom when installment lenders deceive the public about interest rates? Does the government have no right to limit the commercial use of the publicly owned channels it has licensed rent-free to private broadcasters?

Denouncing the Administration's moral guideposts for wage and price decisions, Goldwater tells the workingman and businessman to get the best wage or price he can. Once in the White House, Goldwater would almost certainly regret his invitation to unions and managements to let no larger considerations adulterate their pursuit of self-interest. Anyway the invitation makes sense only if, as Goldwater and his advisers evidently believe, competition so effectively polices the abuse of economic power that no Presidential guideposts are necessary.

Goldwater's professed faith that free competition is the natural state of the economy is either very naïve or very disingenuous. Modern large-scale technology limits the number of viable firms in many industries, and the rivals do not have to conspire explicitly in order to understand their joint interest in avoiding price-cutting and other forms of aggressive competition. Competition is not an indigenous plant. It has to be carefully cultivated and constantly protected. Goldwater favors "vigorous and fair antitrust enforcement," to keep markets "as competitive as possible" but not to be "used simply to attack bigness." That is nowhere near tough enough. Logically the first and strongest plank in Barry Goldwater's economic platform should commit him to a much more far-reaching antitrust and anti-bigness policy than we have ever had. In its absence, the high-principled crusade for freedom looks very much like a crusade of well-heeled *Poujadists* out for more money and less taxes.

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Martyrdom by Diplomacy

by Louis J. Halle

The professional diplomat in a democratic society like ours occupies an implicitly tragic position. His knowledge comes from direct experience of a world that is essentially unknown to the people whom he officially represents in dealing with it. Where the people have a mythical image of the external environment in which he works, he sees the real thing. As their servant, then, he is in the delicate position of having to do a job that is different from what they think it is.

Foreign and Other Affairs: A View from the Radical Center
by John Paton Davies, Jr.
(Norton; $4)

I say that the tragedy of his position is implicit only. Since the measure of tragedy is always the quality of the victim, the implicit tragedy is realized only to the extent that the diplomat represents intellectual and moral distinction. Most career diplomats, like most of us others, have no aim except to get on in their careers. It comes natural to them, then, to think and to do whatever will gain them favor with those whom they serve. Either they have not acquired a vision of reality different from the common vision, or they have been careful not to give it expression. The intrinsic tragedy of the diplomat's position is realized only to the degree that it produces conflict, whether inner conflict or conflict with the society he has to represent; and it produces such conflict only in proportion to his personal distinction. If Socrates had been without such distinction there would have been no conflict and no tragedy in 5th-Century Athens.

I do not mean to exalt John Paton Davies above the level of us ordinary mortals. He did not advance knowingly toward martyrdom, as Socrates did and as Jesus did. By expressing himself with exceptional intelligence in the ordinary course of his work he had already qualified himself for the sacrifice before anyone could have known that a victim would be wanted.

In an article on witchcraft among the Navajos, Lynn White once wrote:

> "Every people has had witches or has believed in the possibility of witches. But the importance of witches seems to vary greatly according to whether a society is confident of itself or whether it is filled with self-doubt. . . . A society afflicted with self-doubt is a society torn by self-hate. It must have scapegoats. . . . It must find or create someone on whom to vent animosity, particularly if this hatred can't be formulated very exactly. Occasionally among the Navajos [who have become a culturally disturbed society] a witch is executed. According to reports the methods are as deplorable as they always have been when witches are killed, because a social venom is excreted that way. The witch dies for the people."

The case of John Davies followed a familiar pattern. The American people, in the aftermath of the Second World War, had lost that security, or that illusion of security, which they had enjoyed throughout living memory. The Communist conquest of China, which Mr. Davies had foreseen and for which he wanted our country to be prepared, aggravated this loss of confidence and gave occasion to "the chief priests and the scribes" among us. Public personages who had been involved in the failure of our policy in China cried out, like Caiaphas, for the blood of those who had been their subordinates, Mr. Davies among them. They diverted the capricious lightning of the public wrath to him, sometimes accusing him openly before the public, more often whispering behind their hands in the corridors of Congress. Key representatives of the public had their appetites aroused. The difficulty was in establishing a case against Mr. Davies before any responsible tribunal, where malicious gossip alone would not be enough.

Eight different times those who were asked to play the role of Pilate subjected Mr. Davies to formal trial for disloyalty. Eight separate times they had to report to the people, as Pilate reported three times, saying: "I find no fault in this man." But the people were, in the words of Saint Luke, "instant with loud voices. . . . And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed."

What was the judgment rendered at last, after the ninth and final trial?

A formula had already been found by Secretary of State Dulles (in the case of Mr. John Carter Vincent) for resolving the dilemma confronting those like himself who, to appease the chief priests and the scribes, had to make a finding of guilty in the Davies case. A Security Hearing Board was especially set up, consisting of five men who had had no experience of foreign policy or of the Foreign Service, and who therefore could not have had any familiarity with the duties or standards of our Foreign Service. These five men brought in a finding that Mr. Davies's recommendations and reports, made in the line of duty, were "not in accordance with the standard required of Foreign Service officers and show a definite lack of judgment, discretion, and reliability." They therefore recommended that he be dismissed as a "security risk."

Mr. Davies's performance had been continuously evaluated for 23 years by competent judges, his peers and those professionals under whom he had served at his various posts. Experienced senior Foreign Service Officers had testified publicly and privately to their respect for his integrity, judgment, and

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insight. The reports that he had sent from China in 1944 and which earned him his successive trials, published in the State Department's White Paper on "United States Relations with China," show a judgment that fully meets the most severe test of all, that of our present hindsight. Mr. Davies had the misfortune to be right when the country was wrong. The only way he could possibly have been found below standard was by putting his record into the hands of the ignorant for judgment. This was done, and the judges, in consequence of their ignorance, were able to come up with the socially necessary finding. Dulles, while acting unhappily upon the finding, as he felt that he was obliged to do, in effect "washed his hands . . . saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person."

I began by noting that the career diplomat's knowledge comes from direct experience of a world that is essentially unknown to the people whom he officially represents. Like military officers, however, career diplomats are quite properly under a discipline that does not allow them to participate freely in public debate (or to defend themselves against public attack). Their lifelong habit of self-abnegation and silence generally continues after retirement, so that the fewest of them have anything to say when at last they are free to speak. In any case, those who have the intellectual distinction may well despair of imparting the lessons of their experience to people who cannot match it with experience of their own.

One gathers that Mr. Davies, after his long ordeal, welcomed Limbo. He found it in Peru, where, until a few weeks ago, he has been engaged in the manufacture of furniture. A decade has now passed, however, and, with the remarkable facility for forgetting that all societies possess, we are again ready to honor those distinguished citizens whom we had once pelted with filth and cast out. It is a blessed dawn in which a purged society can remember only indistinctly, if at all, what it did the night before.

In *Foreign and Other Affairs* Mr. Davies now gives us a professional's view of the scene on which we have to conduct our diplomacy. This is a professional's view in the sense that it would be generally shared by the intellectually distinguished members of our career service, while it is not generally shared elsewhere. Many of our intellectuals, who live in a nominal world of ideological conceptions rather than the real world of people and things, might even be shocked.

The first chapter deals with the claims that the problem of underdevelopment in other countries may make on the government of the United States. It begins by describing what the problem is, not in terms of distractions from reality, but in terms of actual flesh-and-blood, in terms of human beings with individualities of their own, with needs and desires that they try to satisfy. This is poignant as statistics could never be. What follows is a discussion of the limitations of a government like our own as an instrument of salvation, leading to the conclusion "that governmental aid should be greatly reduced." This is a conclusion that I came to myself after two years in which aid for development in Latin America was my chief responsibility in the State Department. Seeing how good such aid is in principle, it is easy to overlook how bad it may be in practice. In practice, however, we have done damage to ourselves and greater damage to others. Some of the reasons why such damage is inescapable, when the limitations of government are disregarded, have been ably stated by Mr. Davies.

The second chapter also begins with real people and real circumstances. It addresses itself to the assumption on which we have acted repeatedly ever since 1912 that the government of the United States must promote civic virtue within the domestic jurisdictions of other countries, approving or rejecting their governments, condemning such domestic activities of their governments as violate the principles that we uphold within our own society. Although we should be outraged if a Latin American government concerned itself officially with restrictions on the right to vote in Mississippi (or with the dismissal of Mr. Davies ten years ago), we generally consider such interference by us in their affairs as a moral obligation.

The first two chapters are the best, presumably because they represent the direct experience of an observer actually living and working in Latin America today. The reader who goes on from them will find passages and, in one case, a whole chapter (on the organization of our government for the conduct of foreign affairs) that approach them in their grip on reality and in the intensity of their thought, but for the most part he will feel that what comes after the first two chapters represents only a casual concern on the author's part. It is as if, to achieve book-length, he had extended what he really had to say by musings on the United Nations, on the Cold War, and on other standard matters. These musings are uniformly intelligent, they represent professional experience no less than the first two chapters, and I find myself equally in agreement with them. Except here and there, however, they lack the intellectual vibrancy and seriousness of the first two chapters.

A furniture factory in Limbo, Peru, is no place for a man of Mr. Davies's gifts and background, and I think this shows in the book. He has been too isolated from stimulating or scholarly contacts, from the arenas of intellectual challenge and competition.

Moreover, in this first book I question whether he has quite his stride as a writer, whether he has quite found his own style. A gift for conversational wit sometimes betrays him into what, on the printed page, seems mere flippancy. He has not quite found out, in this first book, how to combine seriousness with his native irony in such a way that, rather than conflicting, they enhance each other.

Mr. Davies, fortunately for us, has been enticed back from Limbo, back to an environment in which his private musings can give way to study, in which his thought will be forced. Few Americans have the intellectual capacity, the depth of experience, or the gifts of self-expression that should make him one of our foremost commentators on international affairs and American policy. One hopes that, for the enhancement of our public sophistication, his first book will be widely read. But the chief thing is that he is returning to the United States and will be writing more.

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Recently, Alan Sillitoe, whose *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* put him at the head of a generation of suddenly articulate spokesmen for the English lower classes, spent a month in Russia as a guest of the Soviet Writers' Union. His observations link what he saw there (in locales as different as Moscow and Siberian Bratsk) with his memories of the roles played by Russians in World War II. *Road to Volgograd* is full of impressions of a big, raw energetic country whose dynamic, positive outlook on life and the future appeals very much to a young man whose work has always reflected a pessimistic attitude toward authority in his own country.

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Steiner Takes the Plunge

by Richard Kluger

George Steiner's intellectual credentials are intimidating – there is no other word for it. His portfolio is jammed with the trophies of a prolific mind: degrees from Chicago and Harvard and Oxford, all embellished with academic garlands; a Rhodes and a Fulbright, and the supremely precocious distinction of having been named, at 27, a member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Now, at 35, he is teaching at Cambridge, has two suitably profound literary-philosophical books to his credit – *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* and *The Death of Tragedy* – and a growing, though not unchallenged, reputation as the most thoughtful literary critic of his generation on either side of the Atlantic. His first book of fiction, then, is necessarily something of an occasion; it is not, however, cause for great celebration.

Anno Domini
by George Steiner
(Atheneum; $3.95)

Anno Domini would make a model subject for a Steiner-like study on The Limits of Intellect. If, by willpower alone, intellect could transform itself into art, then the three stories comprising this book would be art of the first rank; that they are not has less to do with Steiner's technical problems than with a cloudiness in his vision of what he is trying to achieve with fiction.

The three stories share an ordering strategy: the haunting aftermath of a vanished joyful moment in their main characters' lives. Since those climactic moments, they have drifted purposelessly through a limbo-life.

In the opening story, "Return No More," a Nazi officer comes back after the war to a farm in Normandy that served as his command post and tells its owner:

> "Oh, I know the war was everywhere around us. . . . But it didn't seem to matter. I saw life sitting in your kitchen as if it was a brightness. Isn't that an absurd thought? But those who have grown up dead have such visions. It sounds fantastic, I know, but watching you and your children, I realized that human beings don't always shout at each other . . . and I discovered that men are not always one's friends or one's enemies, but somewhere in between."

Now if Falk, the German, had come seeking forgiveness and asked to be put on as an apple-picker, Steiner might have given us an unexceptionable (though only marginally credible) idyll. But Falk happens to be a prospering, if emotionally bereft, businessman in Hanover at the moment, and the avowed purpose of his return is to cart off the French family's younger daughter as his bride – a singularly unpromising prospect since Falk's last act at the farm was to order one of the family's sons hanged from an ash tree. The German comes not with bowed head but an impassioned apologia on the pains he and his people also suffered in the war.

Falk's profession of love for the French girl is as lame as the German's leg; her acquiescence, and the family's, similarly strain belief. The savage ending alone rings true, but it is not enough to rescue the emotional muddle at the heart of the story.

More troubling still are Steiner's problems here as a craftsman. Every sentence, nearly, seems over-laden with imagery, as if an uncertain talent were trying to show us how dazzling he can be with words. Thus: "recognition beat at him like a wing stroke," "he crouched near the fireplace like a numbed adder," "hatred lay across his path like an unsteady glare," "he spoke her name softly and in fear, as if it was an open wound," "despair stole on her as out of ambush." There is page upon page of such imprecise and superfluous embellishment. Steiner suffers a sort of verbal tic, obligating him to tack on a simile to every simple declarative sentence.

This distracting habit is curbed, for the most part, in the second story, "Cake," as Steiner devotes his attention to character instead of ornamentation. The narrator is a student working in Europe on his dissertation when the war breaks out; he joins the underground until several close calls fray his nerves and he is sent for safety to an insane asylum run by an anti-Nazi doctor. There he falls in love with a Jewish girl who is as sane as he is, and their precarious affair blooms beneath a hovering awareness of encroaching disaster.

Here Steiner's people are precisely but economically sketched, and the interplay among them sustains a compelling tension; especially successful is the opposition of Rahel, the Jewish girl, and the wilted *grande dame* of the asylum, bogus but still stately, who seeks to throttle the love affair. Steiner seizes on a pair of props – the cake of the title and an old ink-stand – to skillfully evoke the charged emotions within the asylum.

My complaint with "Cake" is that the large measure of pathos it stirs never transforms itself into true tenderness or convincing poignancy.

"Sweet Mars," the longest and best story in the book, shows us the mode Steiner may be most at home with in fiction. His people here are British veterans of World War II for whom combat meant an intensity of experience and warmth of fellowship they cannot recover as civilians. So they continue to gather once a month at a London club – the chummy highlights of their lives. In this story alone Steiner manages to quicken his people with wit and acid, and his playing with the techniques of psychoanalysis is more than modish.

The problem with this story is the chilly distance Steiner stays from his two main characters, friends from schooldays who drift back into uneasy companionship. I kept getting them confused with one another, partly, I think, because of the continuing shift of focal point, partly because all his

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Kluger *is editor of* Book Week. Jean Daniel, *a veteran Parisian journalist, has recently become editor of* France-Observateur.

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people seem to share the same world-weariness (except for one marvelous Pole, glimpsed in a spirited interlude in Warsaw).

There are a number of good things to say about this book: it is almost always interesting, its narrative pace is brisk, and the writing, when not forced, is of a high order. But one of the perils of virtuosity is that it makes extraordinary demands on its possessors. One is therefore disappointed that George Steiner's first book of fiction is not a work of genius.

The Ordeals of the President

by Gerald W. Johnson

Barring the last chapter, two-and-a-half pages entitled "The Duty of the Democratic Party," nine-tenths of this book will be accepted without demur by nine-tenths of the voters, including two-thirds of those who will vote for Goldwater. Of the remaining tenth, half the critics will say that the man goes too far, the other half that he doesn't go far enough, but nobody will say that he is wrong from start to finish.

My Hope for America
by Lyndon B. Johnson
(Random House; 95 cents)

It would be a beautiful illustration of Grover Cleveland's "innocuous desuetude" except for its form. The doctrine is presented in short, compact paragraphs – often a single sentence – in the plainest of plain words, with the result that the most weather-worn clichés sound almost fresh. As a campaign document it is well-nigh flawless except for certain infelicities of phrase. The opening sentence is, "When I was young I often walked out at night and looked at the scattered Texas sky." Scattered, even then? But Bobby Baker was unborn, and Billie Sol Estes presumably was handling nothing more dangerous than a tricycle. Who, before them, had done anything explosive enough to disrupt the Texas firmament? Surely, Mr. Johnson must have been betrayed by some inept ghost-writer or copy-reader.

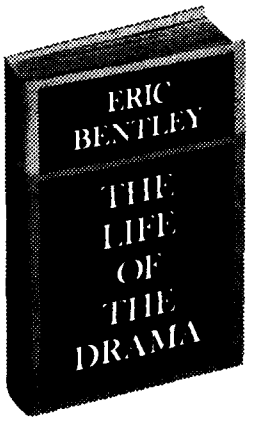
On the other hand, the simple declarative, "It is harder and harder to live the good life in American cities" hits with a bang; and there is grace in the reference to the moment when George Marshall "stood at Harvard and began to reshape the world."

Grant, then, that this statement of the President's political philosophy is substantially acceptable to men of all parties except, of course, the lunatic fringe who will accept nothing reasonable. The question then arises, is this the man to apply the philosophy here presented?

The evidence is not and could not be in this book. The evidence is the man's own conduct at critical moments. Lyndon Johnson has passed through two very conspicuous crises and it is only fair to judge his quality by those rigorous tests.

The first was when he accepted the nomination for the Vice Presidency. As Majority Leader of the Senate Johnson held one of the most desirable posts in American politics, which he would have to surrender if elected; and without doubt he was acquainted with old Tom Marshall's wisecrack about the two brothers, one of whom ran away to sea while the other became Vice President, and neither was ever heard of again. Yet somebody had to save the South for the party and only he could do it; so he deliberately closed the door on his own political preferment for the sake of the party. No small man would have done it.

On November 22, 1963, he kept his head when dozens, in Washington as well as Dallas, were losing theirs, conclusive evidence that he is a cool customer; but, what is of vastly more importance, he seized an emotional hurricane that might have done irreparable damage to the country, and used it to drive through a great part of Kennedy's legislative program that had seemed, 48 hours earlier, to be hopelessly stalled. No fuzzy-minded, irres-



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olute man could have done that.

Here, then is irrefutable evidence that this is a big man and a smart man, perhaps big enough and smart enough to put over some, at least, of the ideas he has set forth in this book. He is not of the Kennedy type, nor of the Roosevelt type, but what of that? If he is neither small-souled nor feeble, who cares about his mannerisms? The first requisite for a successful President of the United States is the mental capacity to see what is necessary for the welfare of the country, and the second requisite is the guts and the skill to do it. Twice under conditions of utter confusion and appalling pressure Lyndon Johnson has demonstrated his possession of both requisites.

It is these tests that convert this book from mere campaign bumbling into a serious statement of purposes that the man will certainly pursue and probably achieve, at least in part.

FILMS

Film Thoughts from Abroad

I have just spent three months in eight countries, on a Ford Foundation grant, to see film-making and films. I visited two festivals, three schools, dozens of gentlemen and ladies involved in the making, distribution, exhibition of films. Herewith some selections from a crowded notebook.

London

Anthony Asquith is probably the most U film director in the world, the son of a Prime Minister, so well-bred that his very casualness is reticent. Shooting a scene in *The Yellow Rolls Royce* with a bit player who is obviously inept but whom they have to keep because he is in previous scenes, Asquith says: "*Frightfully* good. Now *would* you mind trying it again and just halting before you speak? Thanks *so* much. . . . That was lovely, but is it a nuisance to try it a bit faster? *Do* you mind?"

Caste distinctions in the cast. A sign in the studio restaurant reads: "We regret that crowd artistes cannot be served during the tea break but must take their tea from the tea trolley."

The British Film Institute is the first of several similar institutions encountered on the trip. Despite the good offices of such places as the Modern Museum's Film Library (New York) and Eastman House (Rochester), there are no American counterparts in scope. The BFI and its foreign fellows are characterized by: enormous still collections; large libraries of books and periodicals; numerous publications of their own including books, brochures, monthly and quarterly journals; educational and information services; film rental service; intensive series of film showings. (The Cinémathèque Française in Paris shows three different films a day six days a week at two theaters.) The wry joke one frequently hears abroad is that although America virtually started the film, it is other countries that are preserving American film history. It is shocking to discover how many films have already completely disappeared or have become extremely scarce.

The British contradiction is that, of all the countries with good institutes, Britain is the only one without a large state-interested film school.

As Britain is to America, so the rest of the world is to Britain. The jealousy that Americans feel about the good British films of the last seven or eight years is mirrored in the jealousy that the British feel for recent continental films. Serious London critics seem depressed about local prospects, opportunities, new directorial talent.

Stockholm

Harry Schein, the president of the Swedish Film Institute, a lithe energetic man of 40, a retired chemical engineer and quondam film critic, has devised a plan – put into effect last year by the government – that has already revolutionized Swedish film and will be adopted next year by Denmark. Because of television, entertainment taxes, and other factors, Swedish production had declined from about 30 features a year to 12. On May Day, 1962, Ingrid Thulin (Mrs. Schein) delivered a provocative public address criticizing the Social Democratic government for its neglect of artists. Schein then published a book called *Can We Afford Culture?* Parley and programs followed for all the arts. (Next year 25 authors will have guaranteed incomes, the following year 125. Within 10 years *all* recognized artists of about 40 will have guaranteed minimum incomes of over $6,000 a year.)

The Schein plan for films abolishes entertainment taxes and allocates 10 percent of all Swedish box-office receipts to a fund which amounts to about $2.5 million a year. Out of this money the Institute was founded, a film school was founded, educational and scientific researches were begun, certain production subsidies were supported. But the chief factor is this: Any Swedish film of quality that incurs a loss, on its domestic receipts alone, within one year of release will have its loss repaid. (The judges of "quality" are a panel of seven critics, two of whom are changed every year.) Thus incentive is necessary; the film must be made. But serious ambition is not penalized; if the film is good but unpopular, the producer himself is not made to suffer.

Already such directors as Alf Sjoberg and Arne Sucksdorff, who have been handicapped by financial conditions, have been able to resume work. Young directors, like Bo Widerberg and Jorn Donner (whose *To Love* was shown at the recent New York Film Festival) have had doors opened to them.

Now Swedish directors may share the same happy problem that Swedes laughingly admit applies generally: the dangers of security.

Copenhagen

Ib Monty, the young director of the Danish Film Museum, says: "A small country has particular problems for an artist – language, finance, and so on. But there's a special one. If he becomes world famous, for some reason he becomes suspect at home."

Perhaps this is what has shackled

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Carl Dreyer, who is world-famous and has had to wait nine years for a chance to make a new film. Dreyer, now 75, white-haired, semi-angelic, says: "My theme has always been intolerance – the thinking man's troubles with the group. In direction my influences were Sjostrom and Griffith. None since. And I have no disciples."

Prague

Vera Uzelac, who looks like an intelligent, slimmer Kim Novak, has acted in eight films in seven years. When I ask her whether she also works in the theater, she says, "No, I am not a professional actress." (Art snobberies die hard.) She is studying film economics and production as a stay against future unemployment.

Warsaw

The organization of the film industries in the communist countries is, with the exception of Yugoslavia, more or less the same. Under the Ministry of Culture there are a number of relatively autonomous production groups: in Czechoslovakia five, in Hungary four, in Poland seven. Jerzy Bossak, the head of the Polish group called Camera, is also a distinguished documentary maker and dean of the directing faculty at the film school. (It was in the Camera group that Roman Polanski made the lately successful *Knife in the Water.*) Bossak believes firmly that films must be in the hands of the state, but he is not blind to the dangers of government control. He says that in the West a director's project is weighed by its profit potential, in Poland by its propaganda potential. But just as films are often made in the West that are not blatantly commercial, so films are often made in the East that are not blatantly propagandistic. (Propaganda here means moral pap and praise of the status quo more than outright political preachment.)

A director and/or writer in Bossak's group suggests a theme to him. If he is interested, a script is prepared. If he likes the script, he submits it to a committee consisting of other group heads, critics, "some cultivated politicians." Even if they approve it, the Culture Minister can still veto it. But sometimes Bossak has been turned down on a

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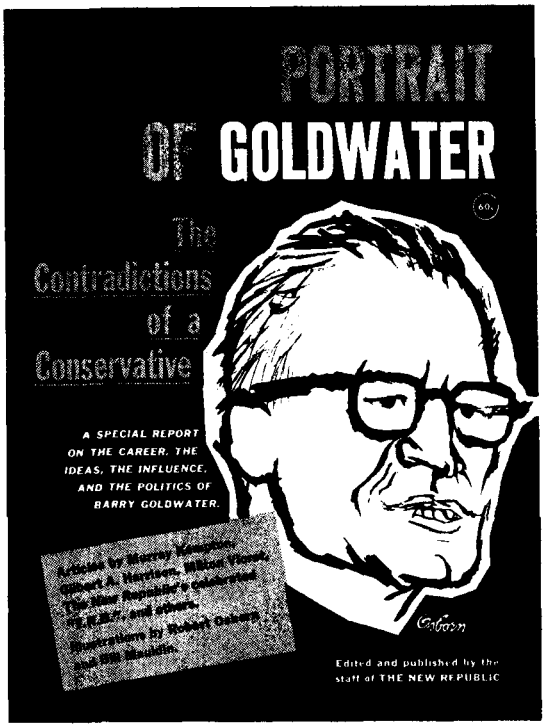
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script, returned with it later, and had it accepted. "Whatever the difficulties," he says, "and they exist, at least here I have a forum to argue in, a jury of my peers."

Boleslav Michaelik, president of the Polish Film Critics Association, is on the committee that selects foreign films for import. Conversation with him suggests that Poland has not made a neat exchange of propaganda motive for profit motive, they have instead added the former to the latter. He says that theaters are owned by the state or municipality or workers' collectives, who are all thoroughly concerned to make money and are resistant to anything out of the ordinary. Michaelik and his colleagues have sometimes had to work for years, buttressing their efforts with critical articles, to gain admission for the exceptional.

Budapest

Istvan Nemeskurty, the head of a Hungarian film group since 1959, has a degree in medieval Hungarian literature. He feels that there is a relation between his education and this post. "Hungarian literature was born in the 16th Century, films are being born in this century. I am interested in the birth of an art."

Janos Hersko, head of another group, also teaches at the film school. Enthusiasm for the school runs high. One of his students is a young dentist who gave up his profession to study directing. Hersko says that the curriculum includes all the expected cultural and technical subjects – and also sports and Marxism. The former because a director needs health and strength (a point that Pietro Germi firmly underscores later). The second because, to them, Marxism is not a finalized thesis but a way of looking at all reality, not a system of answers but a series of questions.

After this exegesis I am taken downstairs to a big studio where a hundred young dancers are engaged in filming a twist sequence.

Zagreb

Yugoslavia is made up of six federated republics, speaking a total of three languages. Each republic has its own film company, making films in the appropriate language and adding subtitles for shipment to other parts of the country (as in India). Production in this country seems much more flexible. There are some more or less private companies. At the Jadran studios in Zagreb (a surprisingly lovely city reminiscent of Paris and Vienna), I see a huge Roman forum left over from a co-production with Italy. There is much joint effort with Western countries. Welles made *The Trial* here. The studios are large and are equipped with every technical facility. And this in a country where, on railroad trains at nightfall, the conductor comes into a first-class compartment, strikes a match, and lights the kerosene lamp.

As to freedom of thought and action in the Communist countries' films, it seems precise to say that they like to think they are free. A prominent Yugoslav director declares, "There is a very liberal atmosphere in this country today." As he says it, he knocks on wood.

Rome

Vittorio De Sica thinks there are three kinds of directors. First, the cold and intellectual. ("I prefer a good book.") Second, the acrobatic and those interested in novelty for its own sake. Third, those who love humanity, who care only for human problems, who know sorrow but who also know happiness very well and are not embarrassed by this fact.

"And," he adds, "there is a fourth kind, a class in itself. Charles Chaplin."

The Fellini location is like a scene from a Fellini film. The crowd of waiting extras, playing cards, chatting, drinking coffee, staring into space, is a gallery of faces chosen with a Daumier eye. In the midst of the early morning hubbub, as carpenters hammer, electricians yell, lights glare on and off, trucks rumble, Fellini calls for a chair and a small table. With chaos eddying around him, the huge man hunches over a typewriter rewriting the pages that he plans to shoot today. He has a well-prepared script, but he always rewrites a scene on the day he shoots it, guided by what has happened thus far in the making of the film and what the conditions of work are that day (for instance, the sunlight, if they are shooting outdoors).

He rehearses and shoots a short scene over and over. One can see that he is not only refining the performances and camera movement, he is also refining his ideas of what it is that he wants from the scene.

I had expected that dinner with Antonioni and Monica Vitti would be fascinating; the surprise is that it is also delightful. Antonioni has just given the last touches to his new film *Red Desert* for the Venice Festival (where it won the Grand Prize), and he and Miss Vitti, who plays the leading role in the picture, are feeling relaxed and happy. After an hour or so of chat as animated as my Italian will permit, I ask, "Well, what about *Red Desert?*" Antonioni smiles broadly, makes a sweeping gesture, and announces with the self-satire of the confident, "*Un film stupendo!*" When I see it subsequently at Venice and am gripped by it, the little joke takes on added charm.

Even those Italian directors who do not like Antonioni's work respect him very much. Germi, no admirer, is quick to point out that Antonioni refused work for several years until he could make films as he wanted to. De Sica, who numbers Antonioni among the "cold," adds in his quaint and taking English: "I consider him."

Paris

Jeanne Moreau, in her dressing room after a day's work, says, "One must have the right to make unsuccessful films; that is essential. But one must choose one's unsuccessful films carefully." She has had considerable experience on the stage but now concentrates on films because she feels she cannot do both. "On the stage one feels extraverted, egotistical. In films one feels personal, private. Acting is more difficult for the screen because it deals in the private mysteries of self and feeling that must nevertheless be revealed."

Philippe de Broca, whose pictures are marvels of *légèreté*, is keenly aware of the difficulty of sustaining a light mood through all the cumbersome mechanics of film making. "Usually, just before I say 'Action,' I make some kind of joke." He would like to direct a musical comedy in the United States, not in France "because there is no national folklore of dance as there is in America,

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Russia, and Spain."

Georges Delerue, the gifted composer who has written the scores for, among others, all De Broca and Truffaut films, says that De Broca often asks for the principal musical themes before he starts shooting so that he can have their shapes in mind as he plans his camera movements.

Three general observations:

1. The high interest in films everywhere – probably the most vital appetite for art in the world today – is ironically balanced by the difficulties of film-making everywhere.

2. Execution is far ahead of content, East or West, New Wave or Old Current. If I ran a film school, I would ask that each applicant submit a script: not to prove writing talent but as evidence of ability to perceive, imagine, respond.

3. America does not know what is happening in the rest of the film world. It is better the other way around; American films are imported everywhere because they make money. But foreign films are not comparatively profitable here and, in fact, there are signs that the presently insufficient import business will diminish. This is true of features. As for short and animated films, the situation is as ludicrous as the quality of foreign production is high.

One feature of Harry Schein's plan is a series of film clubs through Sweden for which the Institute imports films. How little money it would take, relatively, for a foundation to set up a similar plan here: to foster clubs and to buy good, unprofitable films for club showings throughout the country. Since, unlike Sweden, we cannot foresee government activity in this field, it is to foundations that we must look. Many deficiencies in the American film world can be improved only by time, talent, social evolution. This is one lack that could be cured virtually overnight.

To repeat: America does not know what is happening in the film world.

Stanley Kauffmann

THEATER

Saul Bellow on the Drag Strip

There is an awful lot of noise issuing from the stage of the Belasco these days, but the loudest explosion of all can be heard only with the inner ear: it comes from the head-on collision of a gifted writer, Saul Bellow, with the crassness and incompetence of the whole commercial theater system. Since this has been an accident with no survivors, and since the vehicle being driven was smashed beyond repair, it will probably never be known that *The Last Analysis* was, potentially, a remarkable play, or that its protagonist, Philip Bummidge, was among the most flamboyant comic characters ever written for the American stage. Any interested in rooting around amidst this wreckage, however, will find that the major cause of the accident was the complex and ambitious nature of the work itself. There is only one actor in our theater capable of realizing the intricacies of its central character, and that is Zero Mostel – but he has elected to entertain the Hadassah ladies in *Fiddler on the Roof*. Sam Levene, who inherited the role by default, apparently doesn't understand one word of it, and to hide his bafflement, he plays this one too as if it were written for the Hadassah ladies, to the crash of splintering intentions. As for directors, William Ball is the only one I can think of whose touch would have been equal to the play's delicate balance, but Joseph Anthony handles himself in the driver's seat with all the grace of a

The Last Analysis
by Saul Bellow
(Belasco Theater)

Oh What a Lovely War
A Theater Workshop Group Production
under the direction of Joan Littlewood
(Broadhurst Theater)

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teenage drag racer at the wheel of his father's Rolls Royce. The result is vehicular homicide, for which the major victim, the author, alone has been arraigned. But never before, in my experience, have a play and its production been so at odds.

I have some quarrels with the work, though nothing that a competent director could not have ironed out with the playwright. It suffers, like much of Mr. Bellow's writing, from a lack of focus; its structure is sprawling; its form is not always integrated with its theme; and its theme is somewhat impacted in the author's ambivalence toward his subject. But it contains, at the same time, some of the most magnificent rhetoric to be heard on the American stage since Clifford Odets, and it is rippling with energy and intelligence. Mr. Bellow is not – as the condescending tone of the dailies seemed to imply – merely another novelist writing dialogue. He has natural dramatic gifts. And in *The Last Analysis*, he is working out a fascinating theater experiment, trying to combine depth insights with popular American forms.

The form of the play is cartoon farce of that broad knockdown variety common to the thirties – and Bellow's stage is alive with vaudeville jokes and uninhibited action. But despite all the slammed doors, embarrassed confrontations, hidden eavesdroppers, and Jiggs-and-Maggie battles, the farce is dark, for, inside it, Mr. Bellow is fashioning a melancholy play-within-a-play, somewhat on the style of Pirandello's *Six Characters*. The pivot of the action is Bummidge, an aging, neurotic Jewish comedian, afflicted with the dread plague of "Humanitis," a kind of metaphysical *Angst* over the plight of human existence. This has so infected his career that he is now seeking, through a process of rigorous self-analysis, to undertake "an expedition to recover the lost Self," fishing around in his past for the secret of his life. Being an entertainer, he is preparing to act out his memories over closed-circuit television (piped directly to a convention of psychoanalysts at the Waldorf). And using his family, friends, and parasites as histrionic pack carriers, he begins a safari into the jungle of time, reliving his memories and subjecting them to his own hilariously mordant Freudian commentation.

Moving always back in history, he reenacts his burlesque and vaudeville days; his marriage to a pregnant girlfriend; his early hostility towards his father; his childhood difficulties with his mother ("You didn't want the breast, and your Mamma said, 'Alright, I'll give it to the conductor' "); his early toilet training. At last, with the rest of the cast playing Greek chorus to Bummy's Oedipus, he reenacts his own conception ("Ma, no, no, no! Too late, my number's up"); his development in the womb ("It's great in here. I like it"); and finally the trauma of birth itself ("I hear screams. I'd holler too if I could breathe"). At the climax, resurrected like Lazarus, he rises from a tomb to the playing of "America the Beautiful" and the unfurling of an American flag.

The upshot of all this fine madness is that Bummidge is showered with television offers – but turns them down in order to form a Platonic Academy of Comedy for failing comics like himself. The ending is shallow and sentimental, inspired more by the conventions of farce than by the pressure of the author's insights, and it demonstrates how the various elements of the play have been improperly fused. For example, Bummy is apparently meant to be a representative of the artist in our time – his need to understand himself, to transcend his sense of futility, to achieve freedom, and to lead an austere life in the midst of American plenty – but we are never told precisely what is typical about a television comic, or why his experience should invite such generalizations. Mr. Bellow states that his theme is "the link between the individual and the universal," but although he tantalizes us with suggestions, he never really shows us how this link is forged.

Still, if Bellow has failed to formulate his play sufficiently, he has certainly created a wild, anarchic theater piece that would have yielded ample rewards if only his collaborators had not made attentiveness impossible. The cast – with three exceptions (Tresa Hughes as Bummy's wife, Ann Wedgeworth as his mistress, Will Lee as his tailor) – is dismal; and poor Sam Levene, who is almost never off stage, has been abysmally miscast. At a loss with the part, he has fallen back on the only character he has confidence in, the Jewish garment manufacturer, mugging, grimacing, and ogling until he has flattened the values of the play. As for the direction, Joseph Anthony's major contribution is a resounding tumult – typical of which is the recurrent gurgle of a flushing toilet – but he has made no effort whatever to grasp the work, or to clarify its line of development.

Then there are the theater reviewers who, exposing that awful gap that exists between the theatrical and the literary worlds, dismissed Mr. Bellow as if he were simply another hack writer of the Broadway school. From the tone of some of their reviews, this response was partly motivated by a desire for revenge against those who have kept them in an abject state of inferiority; but its effect, I fear, is to have frustrated a potentially fine dramatist from ever writing plays again. The next time these men begin asking "Where are the playwrights?" let them look at the corpses they have buried under their own reviews.

Oh What a Lovely War combines the theatrical techniques of the German Brecht with the scenic devices of the American Living Newspaper and the cheekiness of the English music hall, all in order to indict another international event: the Great War. Period songs and vignettes are sung and played against a background of grim photographs and ominous headlines by a group of lively Pierrots, who thus evoke superbly the texture of a past era. The ironies of the evening, however, are not very keen, largely because they are based on the persistent juxtaposition of staggering casualty lists with the frivolous activities of grouse-shooting munitions makers, decadent aristocrats, and calloused generals. The work, furthermore, suffers from a rather simple-minded proletarianism which always treats the common man as tough, skeptical, and bubbling with brotherly love – one extremely embarrassing moment finds the Tommies and the Germans exchanging gifts and embraces during the singing of *Heilige Nacht*. Joan Littlewood, who has bor-

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rowed freely from *Mother Courage*, should have borrowed some of Brecht's unillusioned toughmindedness about the little man. She has a fertile imagination, but a rather fuzzy intellect; and despite her populist prejudice against "art," she would be better off putting her excellent theatrical sense at the service of a serious playwright. Otherwise, her work will fall, as this piece does for all its intemittent excitement, into formlessness, repetitiousness, sentimentality, and Marxist clichés.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

PARIS NOTES

"Hey, Charlie"

Paris

On a recent Saturday the principal avenues of Paris were blocked by a parade of war veterans, at least 100,000 strong. From every corner of France they came. Flags by the thousands were borne by leaders of the various delegations, creating a sort of moving tri-color forest. The rest of the marchers held aloft placards and posters identifying the war in which they had served, and their claims to glory. And so they trudged slowly along, with all the accoutrements of their service: Basque berets, insignia, medals and decorations, following in the wake of a ghastly vanguard, the seriously maimed and disabled, who headed up the parade in their little cars, and wheelchairs. What a hideous contrast – the sophisticated luxury of the streets which encircle the Opera, and this dreadful by-product of 50 years of war: the war of 1914, and its grim sequel, the war of 1939-45; the war in Indochina; the Algerian war; and all the various colonial campaigns and expeditions.

There was, to be sure, much jovial give and take. Individual marchers were by no means hesitant about stopping at the nearest café from time to time, flag and all, to down a drink. Reminiscences were exchanged, wounds compared. Occasionally the military stance was assumed in deference to some retired colonel, now in civilian dress. The paraders were fairly well dressed: in the France of 1964, even a parade of the disinherited gives an impression of prosperity. Scattered through the ranks of the marchers were North Africans, Negroes, and Indochinese, calling to mind the loyalty of former subjects of the colonial empire to the armies of their masters. There were the customary disgruntled comments: "What does that fellow Pompidou [the French Prime Minister] know about fighting in the Dardanelles, in the trenches at Verdun, at Alençon, or Strasbourg?"

Suddenly the parade was stopped. Police cars had been stationed all along the avenues, and now they ordered the marchers to halt. The veterans raised their voices, directed at the absent de Gaulle: "A dime for us, Charlie!" the shout went up; and, ringing out over all the others: "The Valparaiso police!"; "We need money more than the Chileans!"; and "War veterans are worth more than Chileans!" The word Valparaiso had taken on a symbolical meaning, for on the day of the parade, Valparaiso had been featured in the Paris press as the latest Latin American city to accord General de Gaulle a triumphant welcome. Now, overnight, "Valparaiso" had become a battle cry, expressing the full measure of pent-up public rancor and reducing the Latin American tour of the President of the French Republic to a remote and spectacular absurdity.

Of course this outburst of the veterans was sparked by self-interest. They want a pension increase; they got a police barricade. Actually, however, it reflects the public's disgust with the acclaim the Great Man has won abroad. As prosperity spreads in France, the people come increasingly to feel that something should be done about the nation's problems – the rise in the cost of living; the difficulty of gaining admission to educational institutions, which are too few and have inadequate facilities; tax injustices; the farm problem. On all these the French would like de Gaulle to take a less lordly position.

And yet, in keeping with an ambivalence that characterizes French thinking about a number of things, they have never been so admiring of General de Gaulle.

Right now that admiration is actually being freshened by a number of projects designed to emphasize points in common between former Marshal Pétain who headed the Vichy government that collaborated with the Germany of Hitler, and the present French chief executive. *Pétain and de Gaulle* is the subject of a book in process of publication by the weekly *L'Express* (which has become the French version of *Time*). It is also the subject of articles by François Mauriac, who is demand-

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ing that the Marshal's ashes be removed from the Island of Yeu where he died, to the Douaumont vaults near Verdun, in accordance with Pétain's last wishes. At heart, France has always been pro-Pétain. The blue-eyed old marshal, with his Catholic militarism, his conservatism, his peasant qualities, was the incarnation of a very real tradition. Condemning Pétain to death for collaborating with the Nazis ranked with the Dreyfus affair and the Algerian war in its traumatic impact on France. And now a campaign is under way to demonstrate that de Gaulle is the Pétain of another era; that French tradition finds its most authentic expression in these two Army men and that when all is said and done neither of them harbored anything but respect and affection for one another.

The fruits of autumn this year are bizarre. A foreigner, visiting our TV programs, might at times think he was in Moscow, then in Peking, and again, in Havana. Television and film reports on South Vietnam, China, Russia, or Latin America, tend to lean over backwards to be objective or are even at times a trifle sympathetic to Communism. True, one of French television's most widely heralded programs showed how the day-to-day life of a young Chinese couple of the laboring class was completely taken over and squeezed dry by Communist propaganda. Unfavorable facts about China are reported almost regretfully, however. The truth is that the anti-American trend is so pervasive that it has completely stolen the French Communists' thunder, and such comments as the following have recently appeared in the Communist daily newspaper, *L'Humanité*: "Not all of General de Gaulle's foreign policies are bad, especially in the matter of South Vietnam, and his Latin American tour, which are lending support to the nations exploited by American colonialism." By the same token, the supporters of de Gaulle's political opponent, Gaston Defferre have been placed in the awkward position of having to maintain a more favorable attitude toward the US than they would like.

Red China is all the rage. It is a social *sine qua non* either to have visited China or to have been entertained at one of the sumptuous cocktail parties given by the Chinese Communist Embassy. In a mere two months, a dozen studies on China, all exceedingly voluminous, have been published here; the enrollment of students in Chinese has increased tenfold at the Sorbonne's Institute of Oriental Languages; a French reporter feels frustrated if he cannot provide a first-hand account of the absence of sexual pleasures in the daily life of Peking; one of the great designers of *haute couture* in Paris has created a line of evening gowns *à la Chinoise*; and nowadays the true Parisian sophisticate makes a distinction between the new Chinese restaurants of Paris (those of Mao), and the old ones (those of Chiang Kai-shek). However, fashion is fickle, Communist China has a major defect: unlike Cuba, it is devastatingly dull. Jules Roy, one of the great journalists as well as a first-rate novelist and a former air force colonel, has found a way – a very French way – of confining a lengthy report on China to a description of the boredom he suffered in Peking. Thus, Gaullist policy is coming up against an obstacle infinitely more potent than pure political opposition: the Gallic fondness for humor, fun, and individualism.

Be that as it may, the French have become great globetrotters of late. In times gone by, journalists and big businessmen were the travelers. Today, in addition to the regular quota of summer tourists and vacationers, there are traveling specialists in technical assistance, singers, artists, university folk (the sociologists in particular). This week, the intellectual élite who foregather at St. Germain des Près suddenly found that their sociologist colleagues were off to Canada to attend a Congress. This group is quite excited about the French Canadians who, it seems, constitute the most glaring example of a colonized people struggling against oppression. The sociological coterie hopes to get back to France still in time for the two major sociological events of the fall season: first, a debate on "structuralism," the most recent fashionable philosophy, which contends that the number of mental combinations used by the mind in the reasoning process is limited, and that these combinations can be expressed in formulae; secondly, the publication by Lévi-Strauss, the noted ethnologist, of a work entitled *Le Cru et le cuit*, the theme of which is the relationship between gastronomy and civilization. Mr. Lévi-Strauss has lived in Latin America for many years, and in their disciplineship to him French intellectuals may perhaps desert Spain, of late their preferred holiday spot. (This year *seven million* French people – one-eighth of the population – migrated to the Iberian Peninsula for their vacation!)

As for the theater, the favorite topic of conversation among the *cognoscenti* is the return of Jean Vilar – former director of the Théâtre National Populaire – as director of a play about J. Robert Oppenheimer. While in Switzerland, the American scientist conferred personally with Jean Vilar. The drama is based on the stenographic minutes of the Oppenheimer interrogation by the Un-American Activities Committee during Senator McCarthy's era. The author, a young German, was somewhat carried away by zeal and presented Oppenheimer as a second Galileo at the hands of the Inquisition. It was Oppenheimer himself who toned down the overdone bits, contributed some refinements, smoothed out the rough spots, and contrived to make his own role the least attractive in the cast. When Jean Vilar tells about his sessions with Oppenheimer he describes them as encounters with genius; he is quite overwhelmed by the experience. The drama will play at the theater which put on *The Deputy* last year, a production which created such a scandal throughout Europe that during the current Vatican Council a Cardinal declared that by absolving the Jewish people of deicide, the memory of Pope Pius XII, desecrated by *The Deputy*, would also be cleansed of guilt.

I am on the side of those for whom art is a struggle, a portrayal of conflict. But far more numerous are those who take their inspiration from surrealism and nihilism, who believe that events and ideas are beyond our control, that we are living through the era of "the death of ideologies," and that the only artistic truth is individual talent and personality. These are the people who are perpetuating the "New Wave" in

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films and who, in the realm of letters, are carrying on such research as that of the young and brilliant novelist, Le Clézio. On television, Jean Christophe Averty, a youthful producer, is breaking all tradition, and pushing down the throats of millions of TV viewers a brashly avantgardist program. And finally, we await some time this fall, the publication of a great novelist who writes sparely, is little talked about, but who is quietly carving a very solid niche for herself in the literary world. This is Marie Susini, with a novel entitled *Les Yeux Ouverts*. According to Marie Susini's admirers, it is her masterpiece, and soon she will be as talked about as are Simone de Beauvoir, Marguerite Duras, Françoise Sagan.

Incidentally, Françoise Sagan is putting on a show of her own by preparing to abandon the Julliard publishing firm which changed hands after the death of René Julliard. Since the changeover, everything gets edited beyond recognition and Françoise Sagan, whose books run to over 250,000 copies, is using these alterations as a pretext to claim that her loyalty was to a specific editor, to a person, and not to a corporation, that social and legal personality which is anonymous and interchangeable. We are looking forward to a "very Parisian" lawsuit.

JEAN DANIEL

Correspondence

Oswald the Hunter

Sirs:

Re Kempton's report (Oct. 10) on Oswald and the Warren Report, may I point out that men who hunt tigers and other big game at night tip the beads of their rifles with phosphorescence – if they don't they miss. We do not know whether or not Oswald tipped his bead that way. It is possible he neither knew of this, or if he had heard of it, he, with his usual feckless way, may have forgotten. If he didn't paint the bead it's a very difficult shot, even at fifty feet. Nor do we know whether or not he rested the rifle on the fence. The Commission does not say so. If he had no rest, then it's not easy holding six pounds in your hands and firing accurately.

Now for the scope and the eight seconds: scopes are the poor shot's dream. Without a scope it's like trying to toss pennies into a bucket ten feet away. It takes lots of practice to land inside – and imagine the compounded problem if the bucket is moving. But with a scope the bucket has closed up within two feet. Even with it moving it's hard to miss.

Oswald rated better than a poor shot. Poor shots find it difficult to line up their target with the front bead and the rear notch – that makes three things to line up accurately. The scope gives you nothing to line up – all you have to do is find your target in the enormously magnified circle and place the crosshairs where you want them. However, shooting at a target moving across the line of sight takes lots of practice and better-than-usual accuracy. But Kennedy was not moving that way. He was moving almost as an extension of the end of the rifle, and all Oswald had to do, to follow him, was to move the end of his rifle slightly. His problem was to work the bolt so quickly and smoothly that he wouldn't lose the magnified image and then have to find it again. We know he did practice. And he did have a good rest – the window ledge.

Shepard Rifkin
New York City

Desert King

Sirs:

In Elizabeth Monroe's review of David Howarth's book, *The Desert King: Ibn Saud and his Arabia* (September 12), there is an intriguing quotation which, we are told, illustrates only one of the numerous occasions when the hero won out against the odds:

> "When Ibn Saud reached [the fortress gate], Ajlan was left alone. He had drawn his sword; Ibn Saud had nothing but his rifle. Ajlan lunged at him, sword raised to strike. Ibn Saud covered his face with his arm and fired his rifle point-blank, singlehanded."

Nothing but his rifle? Singlehanded?

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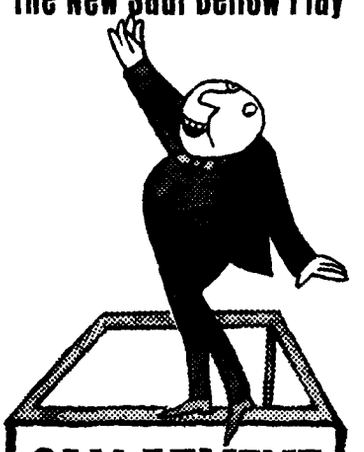

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One is reminded of Kiplingesque adventures in British India when handfuls of British soldiers, armed only with rifles, fought off hordes of sword-brandishing tribesmen. Or, indeed, of the Seventh Fleet, which singlehandedly fought off the North Vietnamese torpedo boats.

David Cox
Political Science Department
University of Alberta

School Boycott

Sirs:

I have just read the October 10 issue of *The New Republic* containing my letter on the New York school boycott. For reasons of space, the letter was printed with serious omissions which transform what was meant as a critique of the tone of Mr. Kempton's essay into what almost seems to be support of the boycott itself. Nothing could have been further from my intention.

I began the letter:

"As one who is generally an admirer of Murray Kempton, I was rather disappointed in his essay on the school boycott. There is no question but that the Board of Education must continue to expand its pairing program even as it steps up programs designed to aid slum children. However, to see the issue involved as one simply between the forces of good and the forces of evil, while it may be respectable today, is not intellectually responsible."

I add later:

"It is, of course, unquestionably true that a good many of the anxieties of white parents are highly exaggerated. The Board of Education has beefed up all the schools involved to such an extent that, probably, all of the students involved will benefit from the pairing, and Corona is certainly not Harlem or the Bedford-Stuyvesant area. However, fears of the type which I have mentioned are extremely difficult to overcome."

Finally, I concluded that a failure to understand the anxieties of these parents might have the negative effect of creating a wide gap between the intellectuals and the general public. My concern here is based on the belief, as expressed in the last sentence, omitted, that such a gap "can only increase the difficulty of effectively handling civil rights problems."

Stanley Rothman
Smith College

Plus and Minus

Sirs:

As a citizen of Wisconsin and a supporter of Senator Gaylord Nelson, I find it disturbing that you should have recorded him as voting against the Civil Rights bill in your survey of voting records. Hopefully, this obvious mistake will be corrected.

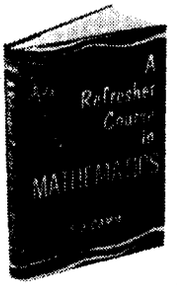
Robert Mueller
Swarthmore College

In reply . . .

Our apologies (and those of *Congressional Quarterly*) to Senator Nelson who certainly did vote for the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The error was in transposing the votes of Nelson and Republican Senator Simpson of Wyoming. We credited Senator Simpson with a "plus" vote on the bill. It should have been "minus."

THE EDITORS

A REFRESHER COURSE IN MATHEMATICS
By F. J. Camm



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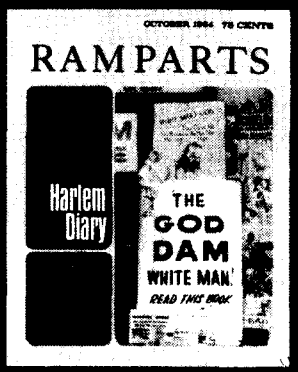

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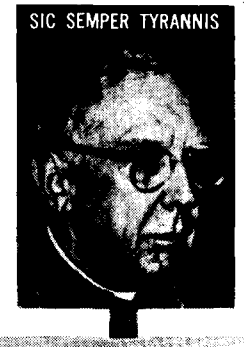

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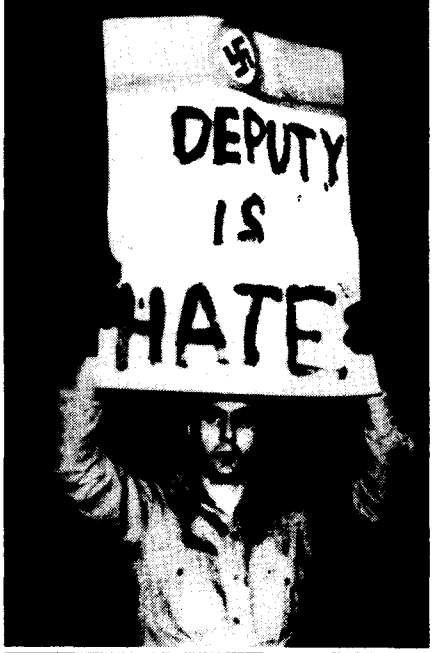

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